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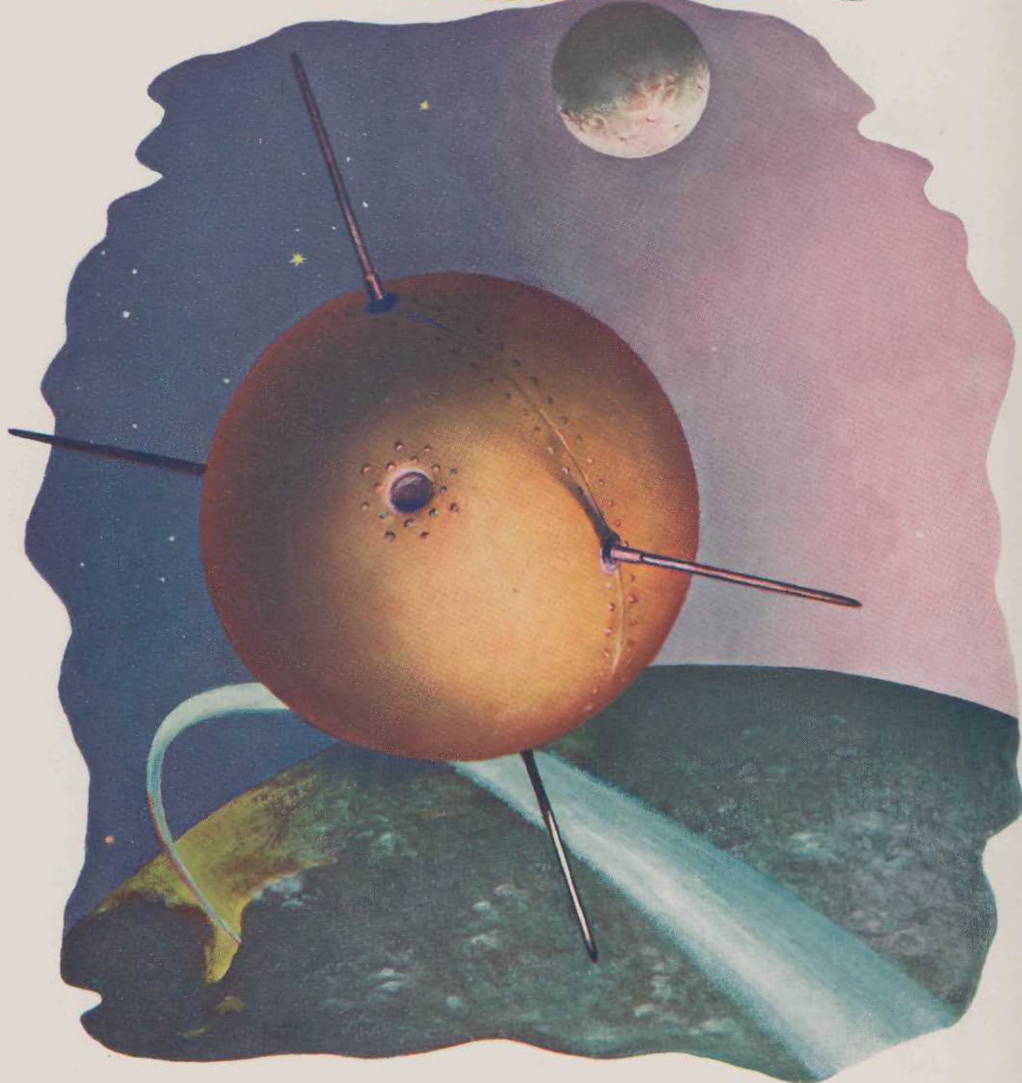
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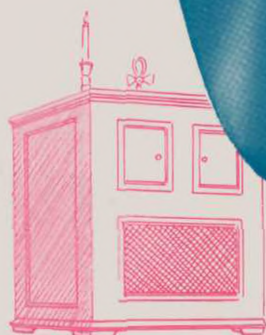
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COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XXXVI

MAY, 1958

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Rosicrucian Park

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THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER—AMORC

San Jose, California

EDITOR: Frances Vejtasa

The Purpose of the Rosicrucian Order

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the A.M.O.R.C. in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body. The A.M.O.R.C. does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association, write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book, *The Mastery of Life*. Address Scribe S. P. C., Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, San Jose, California, U. S. A. (Cable Address: "AMORCO")

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH PHILOSOPHY TODAY

By THE IMPERATOR



AS the emphasis being placed upon science and technology reduced the future of philosophy to a mere dialecticism? In other words, has philosophy today and tomorrow no place other than the mental exercise that abstraction and contemplation can provide? Although Greeks defined philosophy as a love of wisdom, it was also a contemplation of the nature of things. With the exception of the moral philosophers, almost all the other prominent Greek thinkers were of a scientific inclination. Most certainly, such could be said of Thales of Miletus, Heraclitus, Aristotle, and Pythagoras. Lacking instruments available in later times, they depended upon the observation of their unaided senses to analyze natural phenomena. Their conclusions were not quantitative, but rather rationalized. Later experimentation by means of instruments found many of the conclusions of these early thinkers in error.

If it is contended that all knowledge of natural phenomena and of our world has to be obtained empirically through our senses, what has present philosophy to contribute to human understanding? Philosophy in the past has had for its objectives the learning of the aim and purpose of life, moral and ethical relationships of mankind, and the creation of an ideal society as well as the discerning of the causes of natural phenomena. Several of these objectives can certainly be investigated without the use of instruments.

One who would insist only upon rationalization and logical speculation

about a subject that had factual existence would not be a true philosopher. If it were possible to subject, for example, the spectra of a celestial body to analysis, so as to determine its chemical constituents, that would be the intelligent approach to find out its nature. To resort to abstraction and conjecture about it, no matter how self-evident one's conclusion, would comparatively constitute a false knowledge. The philosopher will then not substitute reason for the knowledge of experience where the latter is to be had. The philosopher propounds a hypothesis, a logical compounding of ideas, about a subject which cannot be brought into the realm of external examination. If the philosopher's postulation is logically not refutable, it must stand as a *relative truth*.

What is the dependability of knowledge acquired through the empirical methods of science? Science subjects a thing or an object to analysis with its instruments. These instruments far exceed the range of the unaided receptor senses. Science, for example, can visually observe phenomena millions of years remote in time and millions of miles in distance. It can discern objects as minute as one millionth of an inch.

But do these things actually exist as they are perceived? Is there a correspondence between the object and the mental picture or image which man has of it? In other words, does the world of reality conform to our perception of it? Outside the brain are masses composed of energy which act upon the receptor senses and nervous system causing electrical currents in the brain. From these arise sensations of the phe-

nomena which we experience. The noumenal world, the one external to the brain, is therefore quite unlike our mental picture of it. Sir James Jeans, eminent physicist, says: "Our studies can never put us into contact with reality; we can never penetrate beyond the impressions that reality implants in our minds."

The world of science, the one external to us, is *illusionary* in the form in which we perceive it. There is something beyond us but what its true nature is we do not know nor can we ever know. The range of our faculties, even with instrumentation, may be but the perceiving of just a partial nature of what we experience. This being so, it would seem, upon first blush, that science is placed in the same state of affairs as is philosophy. The philosopher arrives at a conception that is mainly a mental construct, a product of his reason. The scientist arrives at a point of knowledge empirically, but what he perceives may be but an image in his mind, having no external archetype.

The distinction to be made here is that in science there is a *preponderance of experience* which gives it, for all practical purposes, the character of truth. Man's sense faculties, insofar as the general qualities of these senses are concerned, their visual and auditory impressions, for example, have a degree of uniformity. The application of instruments to these senses will provide the normal observer of a natural phenomenon the same general experience as had by anyone else. The observers will appear to see, hear, or feel more or less the same sensations under similar conditions. What these observers experience may not be contact with actual reality, no more so than would be the simultaneous seeing of a mirage on the desert by a group of men, but it would still be a *collective* experience.

By experiencing phenomena nearly alike, men can adjust their relation to it in a practical way. For the time being, their collective experience and generally accepted ideas cause such to become a universal point of knowledge. By universal we mean that such can be fitted into a pattern of knowledge to serve men until some subsequent experience may prove it false. We live by what we know, not by what may be

so. Especially is this true if we never can know what is reality.

The philosopher's knowledge is a private one. It is conviction which he has arrived at by his personal thought processes. In most instances his conclusion, unless he can get others to subscribe to his concept, has no external existence. We may say it has no public quality. Philosophers have often had no agreement upon a concept. Time may prove one or the other wrong. The conclusions of science have that empirical quality that gives them a preponderance of evidence, even if they are but mass illusion, mere images of the human mind.

There is much which yet remains a mystery in human experience. At present the realm of such experience is inchoate. It defies any concerted empirical approach. It lies outside the bounds of present-day physical science. It may be defined as abstract in its content. Nevertheless the influence of such subjects upon human relations, man's welfare, is tremendous. Man must find some satisfactory explanation to such mysteries. He cannot discard them merely because they are not subject to the procedures of science. A true philosopher, a lover of wisdom, desires to leave no human experience in the category of the inscrutable. He wishes to so order his life as to unify all human experience, to have it fall into a comprehensible and *functional* order.

Such subjects as justice, beauty, morality, ethics, immortality, the *summum bonum* or highest good of society are not possible—as yet—of a true scientific scrutiny in the same manner as is matter and radiant energy, for example. These are things or conditions to which man has given names because they are part of his living and, therefore, should be known. They should have meaning to him more than the constituting of a mere word or term. It is here that the philosopher by profound inquiry into these terms gives them comprehensible value.

For further example, the philosopher's abstractions upon the content of justice are not necessarily a consequence of *a priori* knowledge. He has first *observed* the habits, customs and practices found in human relations that give rise



to the notion of justice. He then rationalizes from such experiences their probable essence, the basic conduct from which the notion of justice is engendered. Though a philosopher is to this extent an empiricist, yet he cannot subject his final reasoning, his proposition, to any material confirmation. His findings, as a hypothesis or as an ideal, will and must serve to fill in the gaps in our knowledge which are not as yet bridged by science.

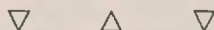
What is the place of science itself in the world of men? To gain knowledge of our natures, and what we term the world in which we live, is probably the answer of science to such a question. But for what end should such knowledge be applied? The prolongation of human life is one answer, but why prolong it? Why should men extend their conscious interval on earth? Shall it be for sensuous living? Have men an obligation to life itself because of the fact that *they are*, on this planet at least, an exalted form of life? These questions as of now do not fall into the category of pure or applied science. These are the problems and the prevailing province of the philosopher.

There are branches or domains of science, each, through its empirical methods, revealing a new insight into natural phenomena. Such knowledge must have an evaluation in terms of its contribution to human welfare.

Though science is establishing the fact that there are correlated basic laws in the astronomical world, the world of men, and that of the electron, have any of these laws a hierarchal order? Shall some new knowledge of these worlds be established as being of lesser value than that derived from another field of inquiry? Does, for example, astronomy supersede geology in importance? Is biology paramount to physics?

The importance attached to living, aside from the basic biological urge to live, is the obligation of philosophy to expound. Science provides an understanding of the human relations to other natural phenomena—to the extent that man can discern it. It delineates the motivating forces that act on and upon man. But man is a rational and imaginative being. To himself he appears causative and wants to direct his life. If he is propelled by subliminal forces, at least he desires to guide himself in the belief that he possesses free will.

Philosophy, even more than religion, can give man this direction. Philosophy is not by inclination, as is religion, generally hostile or inherently opposed to science. As Jeans has said: "In whatever way we define science and philosophy, their territories are contiguous; wherever science leaves off—and in many places its boundary is ill-defined, there philosophy begins."



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*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
May
1958*

The Wheel of Venus

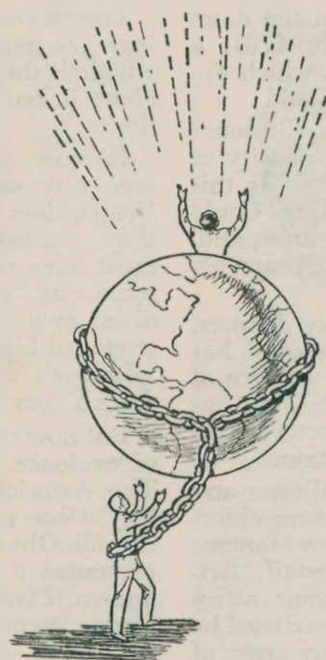
By GASTON BURRIDGE

THE planet Venus is presently—and for that matter always has been—the source of more controversy than Mars. Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), Swedish scientist, philosopher and mystic, wrote that Venus was inhabited by two widely differing types of people, each living on an opposite side of the sphere. One group was of gentlefolk, kind, humane, and deeply religious; the group on the other side of their world was cruel, savage, stupid—and giants, or twice the height of Earthmen.

If "mobile intelligence" has gained a foothold on other parts of our Solar System, it would seem that Venus would be as likely a place as Mars. Also, Venus swings much closer to Earth more often than Mars. Therefore, does it seem too fantastic to turn some of our attention in the direction of the Evening Star?—called Morning Star, if seen in the morning.

Venus is often referred to as Earth's "twin sister." It is believed to be only about 200 miles less in diameter than Earth. Its volume is thought to be about 9/10 that of our globe. This makes Venus considerably larger than Mars, hence possessing a great deal more gravitational force than the Red Planet. If you weigh 175 pounds in Earth, you would tip the scales to only 144½ pounds on Venus, while on Mars you would bring the scale-beam down to but 58 and 1/3 pounds!

Mars has an atmosphere. It is believed to be very thin as compared to Earth's. Venus has an atmosphere too—and therein lies the source of most of the mystery cloaking her. We cannot



see through that atmosphere. Hence, we do not know for certain what lies below it. Today, Mars is more thoroughly mapped than Earth was 100 years ago, but Venus holds her hooded cloak tight against Earthman's prying!

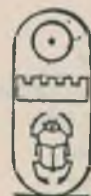
One of the most intriguing of the Venus mysteries is that astronomical riddle known as "The Lumière Candrée," or *Ashy Light*. It is a glint, a muffled sparkle, an auralike luminescence seen on the dark side of Venus. Perhaps it is, as some astronomers think, a sort of reflected light from *all* the heavens. Maybe it is a phosphorescence come from the added closeness of Venus

to the Sun—or could it be the reflection of a hovering Venusian satellite? Is it *earth-shine*? There is no agreement among astronomers, but the Ashy Light is noticeable on the dark side of Venus continually, where only coal-blackness should be. We should remember we are looking at Venus through many miles of our own atmosphere.

Does Venus have a moon, a satellite? Most observers say *no*, although some early and competent astronomers have not joined this majority. And again, the dense atmosphere around Venus itself hides many a true answer.

In his recent book, *The Inexplicable Sky*, Arthur Constance relates, on pages 45 and 46, how Jean Dominique Cassini (1625-1712), the astronomer who discovered four of Saturn's satellites, believed firmly that he had observed a small moon to the east of Venus, and of the same phase, early in the morning of August 18, 1686.

Again, the noted optical expert of his



day, James Short (1710-1768), also observed a point of light at a distance of about 10 seconds of arc from Venus. He described it well and fully, which indicates he held it under view for considerable time. But he only saw it that once!

Another observer, M. Montaigne, saw on several occasions between the dates of May third and eleventh, 1761, a small crescent-shaped object which appeared to act as a satellite should.

Were these observations illusions? Were they real, and has the density of the atmosphere covered them? Is this Venusian atmosphere expanding? Could they have been artificial satellites, and, perchance, are we only 300 years behind the times?

In his book, *Men of Other Planets*, Kenneth Heuer says, "No mortal has ever seen the solid or liquid surface of Venus." But is this true? This, as many another Venusian mystery, had best be approached with caution.

Dr. Percival Lowell, the follower and expander of Schiaparelli's Mars observations, builder of the now famous Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, and writer of numerous astronomical books, was firmly convinced he *had* seen beneath the milky-gray of Venus' atmosphere. Its folds had parted for him—not once, but several times. Not only had they separated at night, when most astronomers work, but in the daytime too. Venus is often visible to the naked eye in daylight.

And now, more than 40 years later, we begin to get pieces of confirmation regarding Lowell's Venus work. There on that vast uplift of country in northern Arizona the daytime sky is often so blue as to approach blackness. The clear, dry air lies quiet in the 6000 feet elevation affording some of the best "seeing" in the world.

It was in this setting that Lowell had observed Venus during daylight hours. And it was here that he made the observations which set a controversy aflame over 50 years ago which has not yet burned out!

What Lowell beheld on the planet Venus' surface—or somewhere above it, when the cloak of atmosphere parted—was a "hub-like" center, and from this hub radiated something similar to

"spokes." These spokes appeared to be dark like the hub. They were unevenly placed around the hub. The spaces *between* these spokes seemed lighter in color. Circling their outer extremities was a "rim," as dark as the hub and spokes—and varying in width as did the spokes.

Lowell could not observe these markings constantly enough to determine whether they were on the surface or above it, but he felt sure that they were there.

Because other astronomers had not seen any such markings on or near Venus, they were loathe to believe that they existed. They thought Lowell must have somehow seen a pattern, in some way "re-reflected" from the pupil of his own eye. Or, perhaps, a cobweb stretched high across the pines near his telescope's dome, or maybe across the dome's very slit.

But now come some interesting pieces of evidence. In the summer of 1956, The Association of Lunar and Planetary Observers met in convention at Lowell Observatory. The Convention presented a paper, "Venus—The Unknown Planet," by the Association's Venus Recorder, Dr. James C. Bartlett, Jr. While this paper emphasized the fact that Venus is still very much of a mystery generally, some recent observations of it, made by Mr. Richard Baum of England, appeared to largely coincide with those made by Dr. Lowell nearly half a century earlier.

But more than this. A correlation of some 339 separate bits of information and drawings sent to the *Venus Recorder* over the two-year period, between 1954 and 1956, by 29 individual Venus observers scattered over the U. S. and Europe, seem to clinch the correctness of the drawings by Lowell and Baum.

Thus it does seem that the Venusian atmosphere must occasionally part—that there is movement within it and that the "wheel" arrangement was not wholly within Lowell's observing eye or his imagination—and therefore very likely some mortals *have* seen portions of the solid or liquid surface of Venus.

If the atmosphere of Venus does open occasionally—or often—if it does partake of movement and motion, what

causes these changes? We cannot be sure, of course, but here on Earth such continual movements in our own atmosphere are caused by heat. The heat comes from our Sun and the *unevenness* with which that heat warms the Earth's surface. The unevenness of the heating comes because of the varying thickness of the cloud cover here and the turning of our globe on its axis.

We can judge matters we know little about only by knowledge of similar ones of which we do know a little. If Venus' atmosphere breaks open once in a while, then we are led to conclude that such action is caused by a movement within it. If there is movement, we would be inclined to the view that it was due to an uneven heating of the planet's surface. This, in turn, would indicate that Venus rotates on its axis.

Whether a planet spins on its axis or does not is very important! Our Earth makes one complete revolution in a little less than 24 hours; Mars, in a little more than 24 hours. At one time the rate of Venus was thought to be about the same rate as of the Earth. Lowell believed that Venus stood still! Present consensus is that Venus turns faster than once a year—which means it would keep the same face always to the sun—but more slowly than Earth or Mars. The speed is *not* known, nor is the true position of its axis. The nearest to a definite statement in this regard is that "The planet turns once in several of our days, or once in about 68 of our hours."

If Venus keeps one face perpetually to the Sun and the other away from it, the sunny side would probably be well above the boiling point of water, while the shaded side would be colder than Antarctica—unless the thick Venusian atmosphere screens away much of the Sun's fierce heat on the sunny side, which is possible, and transfers some of the Sun's heat to the shaded side, by a method we know nothing about. This last seems quite unlikely.

Another spoke in the wheel of Venus is Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky and his highly controversial book, *Worlds in Collision*. Here, Venus is the "star," the main character, the queen, but she is heavily burdened with appendages. Probably most astronomers, though not

(Continued on next page)

From the files of

QUEST



Rare Information on Nature's Realm

Compiled by ROBERT WATSON

• The Miracle Plant

The Maguey Tree is a *miracle plant* that supplies the entire needs of an Indian nation. Be it milk, water or beer, meat, vegetables or bread, it is all one to the 65,000 Otomi Indians of Mesquital Valley, Mexico. Their amazing MAGUEY TREE fills all these needs and more. It gives them brushes, baskets, bandages, hogflood, firewood and ropes—also, roofing, siding and shingles for housing. It supplies clothing too, and a thorn-needle already threaded to repair them. For the little luxuries of life, the Indians cook and eat the worms which live in the tree.

• Nomadic Gorillas

The Gorilla builds a new home for his family each night. He is too big to climb trees, but, with his family, covers long distances over the ground in search of food. As night falls, he builds a new shelter by bending and twisting the branches of living trees to form a canopy. This he covers with moss and lashes down with creepers, often tying more than a score of knots in the process.

• The Living Thermometer

Unknowingly, perhaps, this common little insect is a LIVING THERMOMETER . . . The call of the common black cricket shows his sensitiveness to temperature changes. As the temperature rises, the cricket's chirrup becomes faster and more shrill. As it gets cooler, the call becomes slower—fading entirely at around 40° Fahrenheit. To "read" your Cricket Thermometer, count the number of chirrups in 15 seconds and add forty.



all, would feel that *Worlds in Collision* is a spoke which could well be left out of the wheel with no harm done to its ultimate strength. However, it is easy to come to a decision regarding a matter if you can disregard just one piece of evidence—most difficult, if you must consider them all, as one should.

The possibility that Venus was once a mighty comet, born of Jupiter, and not so long ago either, cosmically speaking, has all the excitement one could wish. Whether this great comet tussled with Earth, at least twice—and lost—to become our Evening Star, does not detract in the least from the presentation. Dr. Velikovsky's *Collision* is heavily footnoted, many pages being half reading material and half references. Like so many things in life, one has to decide this one for himself too—and that is what makes it difficult.

How intriguing are the answers which we do not know! How drab the ones we do—in comparison!

But let us leave the more violent aspects of our sister planet and turn our thoughts toward what might have happened should intelligence have tried another type of experiment on itself—one in which the beings are held in a *fixed* status. Supposing there should be talking and thinking *plants*! As Nicolas Camille Flammarion (1842-1925), the French astronomer and one of the great-

est students of extraterrestrial cultural patterns of all time, once wondered: what might have happened here if an animal kingdom, as such, had never developed? Perhaps evolution has taken such a path on Venus. It is not too fantastic a thought.

But let us be visionary and imagine a world inhabited by beings held stationary by their feet instead of being endowed with locomotion. Their lives and customs would be very different from ours. They would build no great cities, but would *be* great cities. They would make no journeys to see what lay on the other side of the hill. They would have a most strange, to us, Government. No wars could be theirs. No aftermaths of brown while the red slowly changed to green again! And no traffic problems. These beings would have no written history—and they would need none, for very little could be lost among them. Each might live for several centuries; and if they were like our great Redwoods, perhaps they would survive several thousand years.

Thinking trees! And why not? As Alfred Joyce Kilmer wrote of the trees he knew here on Earth, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree."

Spokes in the wheel of Venus. Strange, mysterious, tantalizing. Someday we may know their true material and pattern.



Stage Career

By JANE COWL

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
May
1958*

DEVOTION to the theatre and a desire to contribute something of value to its development, and to life in general, should be the prime incentive towards a stage career.

Utility and commerce, both necessary to world progress, are prime motivating factors of the age. All the more reason

that those who bear the torch of art should strive to keep its flame pure and bright.

Today more than ever in its history, perhaps, the theatre needs consecration and devotion to an ideal.

—from *Morrow's Almanack*
for 1928

The Freemasonic Rose-Croix

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C.



WHILE it is very apparent, and freely admitted by Masonic writers, that the Freemasonic Rose-Croix degree symbol and name were taken from the spirit of the Rosicrucian work of the Middle Ages in recognition of the good work done by the philosophers of the Rosicrucian Order, the actual ritual of the Masonic Rose-Croix degree is in no wise like any of the rituals in the Rosicrucian Order, and even the symbol itself is slightly different and given a very different interpretation and application.

We understand, for instance, that the ritualism and teachings of the Freemasonic Rose-Croix degree center around the tenets of Christianity exclusively and, in fact, idealize them and memorialize them. It has been said by some Masonic writers that in the past many orthodox Jews who have joined Freemasonry have hesitated to take the Rose-Croix degree because of its emphatic Christian nature. This is not a criticism of the ritual or work of the Rose-Croix degree, but merely a manner of identifying it and classifying it. If the Freemasonic Rose-Croix degree is strictly and emphatically Christian, it certainly cannot be anything like any of the rituals of the Rosicrucian Order as we practice them and know them, for our rituals have never been sectarian in any sense, or colored with the denominational doctrines of any Christian organization.

It should be understood that the Rose-Croix degree is one of the thirty-two degrees of that branch of Freemasonry known as the Scottish Rites, and is not a part of the fundamental Blue Lodge form of Freemasonry which consists only of the first three degrees. None of the higher degrees of Freemasonry, in either the Scottish Rite division or the York Rite division, are degrees in the same sense as we use the term in our

Rosicrucian Order. Each one of our degrees begins with a long or brief ceremony of initiation, and is followed by a course of lessons and lectures for weekly study before progress can be made to the next degree. Some of our Rosicrucian degrees have sixty, eighty, or a hundred or more monographs, requiring months or years to complete.

As we understand it from all Masonic writers and authorities, the Rose-Croix degree of Freemasonry is magnificent and beautiful, inspiring and devotional in its symbolism and moral, ethical, and religious principles, but it consists only of the ritualism of initiation into that degree and is not followed, nor are any of the other degrees in Freemasonry followed, by any course of weekly lessons or lectures that require study at home, practice and application. For this reason, there cannot be any identity between the Rose-Croix degree of Freemasonry and the Rosicrucian Order. This has been proven to us by the fact that a great many who have gone into and through the Rose-Croix degree have joined our organization and found in the studies the practical application of principles which they have not had before and which do not interfere with anything they have learned in Free-

Because of questions arising as to what relations exist between the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, and the Freemasonic Rose-Croix, the explanation by the late Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, as Imperator of the A.M.O.R.C. is here given. This article is a reprint from the February, 1936 issue of the *Rosicrucian Forum*. Dr. Lewis expressed himself similarly many times throughout the years, indicating a continuation of opinion and policy which still prevails.

—THE EDITOR



masonry nor resemble anything they have learned there.

One can be a very eminent authority on the subject matter of Freemasonry and particularly of the Rose-Croix degree thereof without being an authority on the subject of Rosicrucian teachings as practiced by the Rosicrucian Order, or even have any knowledge of the ritualism and teachings of the Rosicrucian Order. On the other hand, many of the most eminent authorities in America and Europe on the Rosicrucian Order's teachings and practices know absolutely nothing about the work and teachings of Freemasonry and have never been even initiates of the Freemasonic Order.

We have noticed in Masonic literature and in the discussions on the part of Freemasons in our organization that those who have passed through the Rose-Croix degree of Freemasonry do not call themselves Rosicrucians or Rosicrucian students and, in fact, the word *Rosicrucian* is almost obsolete in the literature of Freemasonry and is not a term that they use officially in any manner. Only in the French interpre-

tation of the Latin *Rosae Crucis*, or the English *Rose Cross*, do we find the Rosicrucian Order using the words *Rose-Croix*, for that is the French equivalent of the term. We have never noticed any confusion in the minds of the general public in regard to the term *Rose-Croix* degree and Rosicrucian Order, for those who are familiar with the Freemasonic term know that it has no relationship or connection with the Rosicrucian Order, and those in the Rosicrucian Order know well that there is no degree in our work called the *Rose-Croix* degree.

Certainly, our organization has stated definitely and positively in all its literature for the past years, and especially in its official pamphlets, the fact that our Rosicrucian Order is not affiliated with any other fraternal organization in America, and is not a part of any other secret society in this country. Also, we have at times explained that there is no connection between our organization and Freemasonry although each holds the highest esteem for the other.



Our French Magazine

LA ROSE-CROIX

Those of you who read French—or who have friends who prefer French reading—will want to subscribe to this fine magazine—the French counterpart of the *Rosicrucian Digest*. This bimonthly collection of articles and features on art, science, and mysticism contains the Imperator's regular greetings, the writings of today's leading mystics, and news of Rosicrucian events the world over. Subscription for one year (4 issues) is \$2.50. (Check with your local bank or post office regarding method of remitting to France.) Make remittances, and address all inquiries to:

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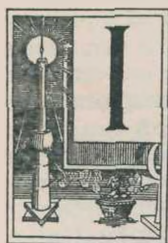
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1958*



The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Scribe S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

ENDOWMENT OF THE SKY

By CECIL A. POOLE, *Supreme Secretary*



I was reading a magazine of world-wide circulation. As I read article after article, it seemed that I was simply "killing time." While the material had certain interest, it contributed very little to my knowledge or to any worth-while purpose, yet I realized that millions of people each month read this magazine. Its title has become a byword throughout the world. It is looked up to and respected. However, I could not help thinking how shallow were most of the articles. Reading them merely filled time. They gave one something to do when it was thought necessary to use up time and in a manner seemingly somewhat constructive.

I finally concluded that such reading was better than doing nothing, and that is about all I could say for the numerous articles that had taken more than two hours to read.

After concluding that my time had been more or less wasted, I looked out the window. I was in an airplane, eighteen thousand feet above a tropical sea. The time was late afternoon. In fact, the sun was setting in the west, and as I looked out over this vast expanse of water on a perfectly clear evening, my attention centered on the sky. The first stars were appearing, and the sun was just dipping below the horizon of water. Nothing was visible except sea, sky, sunset, and stars. It was then the thought came to me that there was more to be read in this scene



than in the magazine which I held in my hands. We, earth-bound creatures that we are, at least so far in the history of man's conquest of the universe is concerned to this time, fail to realize that in the sky lies a great deal that may endow us with new knowledge and a new perspective.

Within the scope or range of my vision, there was much to be grasped. First of all, and probably what had attracted me and lead my thoughts to drift, there was beauty. The beauty of a sunset on a tropical sea seen from my point of view, completely detached from the earth, caused me to feel that I was floating through a manifestation of physical beauty that is not an everyday experience. The setting of the sun, with the sea hardly discernible at such an altitude, brought the realization that here was an expression of nature which we should view more often whether we are on the ground or in the air. The sky in the increasing darkness resulting from the vanishing sun, the vividness of the stars as they became visible, made me realize that much in the aesthetic life of man is ignored while he reads or devotes himself to various earthly duties rather than simply to raise his eyes to the sky and the beauty that it holds.

In our day-to-day existence we frequently are trapped by the circumstances about us, by physical demands, and by using time merely to pass through its moments rather than to appreciate the implications that may come from the environment immediately about us. Impressed by the beauty of the seascape, I realized how much of our time is used by activities which cause us to miss some beauty that should be ours to appreciate. Through perception of beauty, man should learn that it is within his realization of the aesthetic, his comprehension of beauty, that he comes to the nearest physical parallel with those experiences which are similar to those described by mystics who have glimpsed the expression of the divine and have been able to translate it into the inspiration that has made life more worth while than has any concern with physical problems.

Looking into the sky, into space, I realized also that there was great depth before me, that far beyond the range

of the physical eye existed the whole universe, that man is an insignificant part of that vast expression of creation. I could see only points of light, but I knew that those points of light originated in worlds and systems of suns far in space, far in the space that exists beyond man's perception.

And so, another endowment of the sky besides beauty is depth, and that can be taken to mean a literal depth of the universe or the challenge of the unknown—the realization that far deeper than man's ability to comprehend the world, and the situation about him, lies a depth of meaning that can only be comprehended by our letting the mind drift beyond the physical limitations of our day-to-day existence.

The awareness of beauty and depth in this view brought to me a certain sense of serenity and peace. If all mankind involved in the solution of the problems that exist in the world today could gain a comprehension of depth and beauty that is about us, then this sense of serenity might help us to solve the problems that otherwise seem insoluble at present. It is because man does not detach himself from his acute problems that they become so important. Serenity is the result of our absorbing the factors of the universe which may not be readily and easily accessible to us.

Even more important than the appeal of the aesthetic that comes through the realization of beauty or the realization of the depth of the universe beheld in part as we look at the sky, or the serenity such an experience can bring to our consciousness, there lies an even more important factor in beholding the sky and that is hope. If man can move at high altitudes, if he can look from wherever he is and see the vast extension of the universe, then certainly there must be hope for mankind as a composite group of individuals as well as for the individual.

The future of mankind on earth may be beclouded at times because of the many unsolved problems. Problems remain unsolved because of the lack of knowledge of how to cope with them, but since man has solved problems that have brought great technological advancements and made it possible for him to travel in the air at a high alti-

tude as I was now doing, then there is hope that man may overcome many other barriers. His launching into space may hold the key to new knowledge and the solution to many present-day problems.

Just as I saw this view and considered the lessons that might be learned from the appreciation of the beauty and depth of the sky, so may every individual look out even farther and realize that his own destiny is tied up in some way both with the physical world of which he is now a part and with that vast creative force that is respon-

sible for the universe and of which man can be a part now in his physical existence and throughout eternity.

Eternity might be considered as an extension of the vastness of the sky, the vastness of the unknown which lies beyond our immediate grasp. Immortality for the individual is partly his ability to rise above the immediate circumstances and to project his consciousness, his thinking, into the vastness of the cosmic forces that sustain and maintain the whole universe as well as the being of each individual segment of life that finds expression here on this earth.



Two Famous Left-Handers

By DR. R. KELLER

(Reprinted from *Ciba Symposia*—February 1942, by permission)



well-developed capacity for observation is necessary in order to be able to identify even a rather close acquaintance as a left-hander. Particularly the act of writing, the most important operation carried out with one hand, is usually performed with the right hand by both left-handers and right-handers as a result of compulsions exerted during the school years. In addition, training and certain tools help to suppress primary left-handed tendencies to such an extent that they attract attention only when present to an extreme degree.

Thus, if it is possible for a person's left-handedness to remain hidden from his intimate associates, it is immediately evident that we can know about the left-handedness of famous people only if this characteristic was especially well-marked in them, or if we are dealing with an artist whose left-handedness is betrayed by the manner in which he executed his work.

To prove his theory that in artists the "heterosexual," left side, is particularly well-developed, W. Fliess listed a number of artists with left-sided tendencies—e. g., Schumann, Michelangelo, Holbein, Lenbach, Leonardo da Vinci,

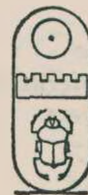
Menzel, and others. However, these assertions of Fliess are not supported by any exact proof. Only in the case of the two last-mentioned artists is the left-sided tendency beyond any doubt, since it has been confirmed by other people at various times.

Da Vinci

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), probably the most famous left-hander, was one of those extremely rare persons who execute every difficult manipulation, including writing, with the left hand. Although it hardly appears possible to have any clearer proof of the existence of left-sidedness, yet there has been no lack of attempts to cleanse the great artist of the "blemish of left-handedness" and to present him as ambidextrous.

In the study of hand preferences, Ira S. Wile asserts that "Leonardo da Vinci possessed equal facility in both hands" (*Handedness: Right and Left*, Ch. II, p. 12). However, Dmitri Merejkowski, in his historical novel dealing with Da Vinci, makes the assertion that although he drew with the left hand and painted with the right, he was not generally ambidextrous (*The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*, New York, 1928, p. 618).

The very recent collection of all the



documents confirming Leonardo's left-handedness, edited by G. Bonvicini, will probably refute the allegation of ambidexterity once and for all. Upon closer examination of his drawings it becomes evident that Leonardo must have drawn with his left hand since all lines run from left to right. By means of this characteristic, the art critic Giovanni Morelli (1816-1891) was able to differentiate genuine works of Leonardo from those which were falsely attributed to him. However, the master's left-handedness, which was not yet proven beyond any doubt solely on the basis of this characteristic, finds expression not only in the execution of his drawings; there is also further evidence of it in the subjects of his plans and sketches.

One frequently observes that the cranks of Leonardo's apparatuses and machines are attached in such manner that they can be turned only by the left hand. In addition to the testimony of various contemporaries, obvious proof of Leonardo's left-handedness is provided by the fact that the enormous mass of his notes is written almost exclusively in the aforementioned mirror-writing.

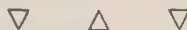
In passing it may be noted that although anyone can easily decipher this script with the help of a mirror, yet it has frequently been regarded as a secret cipher. G. Calvi has expressed the following opinion about Leonardo's left-handedness: "Leonardo was left-handed, and his mirror-writing was the result

of a natural, instinctive process, which was not corrected either by training or by his will. Ordinary handwriting [abductive script from left to right—*author*] required an effort on his part, a voluntary resistance to habit. Therefore, in the few examples that have come down to us, this script is more or less rudimentary, or forced."

Von Menzel

Adolf von Menzel (1815-1905) worked just as willingly and deftly with his left hand as with his right. Two authentic statements by him can be cited in support of this assertion: "... when I paint in oils, I always use my right hand; for drawings, aquarelles, and gouaches always the left." And again: "Here to the right of the window I paint at my easel with my right hand, and here at the left I draw, etch, and paint water-colors with my left hand. No one is able to tell with which hand I have worked, and to me it makes no difference."

The fact that Menzel painted with his right hand cannot be considered as absolute proof that Menzel was ambidextrous. It is probable that when he first learned to paint, at the age of 19, the same compulsion to use the right hand prevailed as in the teaching of writing. A study of Menzel's brain by Hansemann revealed definite asymmetry of the cerebral hemispheres. Not only was the left hemisphere more simply formed, it was also inferior to the right one in its organization.



ROSICRUCIAN RALLY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The Hamilton Chapter will sponsor its first Rally on Saturday May 31, at the U.C.T. Building, 194 Main Street East, Hamilton, Ontario. An invitation is extended to all Rosicrucians to attend this Rally and enjoy the many program features which have been planned, including lectures by Grand Councilor, Harold P. Stevens, and Inspector General, Stanley K. Clark—convocations and a special ritual drama. For further details, write the Rally Secretary, Mrs. Margaret Richards, 99 East 39th Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

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The Woman of Mystery

By OLGA ROSMANITH

I met Dr. Quetta Woodbridge only twice following the Armistice of the First World War, but I remember her tangible quiet power and her luminous unearthly face more vividly than the personalities who were around me yesterday.

She had a practice of her unorthodox skills in that exclusive neighborhood in London known as Mayfair.

She sought no publicity. On the contrary she tried to defend herself against curiosity and thrill seekers and do her healing miracles in peace, but stories of the healed and of the glamorous nature of her consulting room flickered through London clubs and drawing rooms like marsh fires. Every newspaper sent reporters to try to get a scoop on a new sensation.

Not one of them could enter the stronghold.

One day the editor of the London *Sunday Chronicle*, for which I wrote a weekly feature, sent for me.

I was evidently his last resort. In my late teens I was not yet under consideration for the tough assignments. But the editor thought I might get inside that mysterious door in some devious way because I was a woman.

I was not only thrilled by the challenge to succeed where all the men had failed, I was drawn as by a magnet by the gist of the stories I had heard and what this mystery doctor seemed to stand for.

I accomplished entrance into the guarded stronghold by the simple and obvious method of asking for a consultation as a patient. The doctor specialized in nervous disorders and I thought it would be no trouble at all to convince her that the conflict between my news-



paper work and domestic responsibilities gave me insomnia.

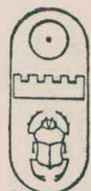
If so, I might get the treatment which had been making news of miraculous cures among her soldier patients. They went to her unable to stop shaking and emerged from her treatment like men born again, healthy, fearless, completely readjusted.

I cannot recall whether a man or a woman opened the dark heavy door, for my "treatment" started immediately. I was left to sit for about five minutes in the entrance foyer. This had bare walls in off-white, was lit indirectly, and furnished with dark, heavy furniture, strangely beautiful, decorated with engraved metal, unfamiliar to me. I later learned it was Tibetan.

In a few moments the atmosphere of the outside world fell away, and I felt the tranquility of utter indifference to time or place. Then a door opened and I was invited to come and sit in the "waiting room." This room also had no outside light. Drapes hid the foggy day. I sat in a deep chair on the floor of a blue sea. I was enveloped in blueness. The ceiling was vaulted and painted in this vibrant blue and scattered with gold stars. I leaned back in the chair and looked up.

The atmosphere was so charged with the quality of a presence that I seemed to hear a breathing in the silence. I lost my emotion of excitement at having got inside the door. I began to feel a premonition of some extraordinary experience.

When the door was opened to the consulting room and I was bade to go in, all my preparation was lost. I knew that whatever I would say to the doctor, it would not be a lie.



The servant, who ushered me in, closed the door and I was alone with the doctor.

This room too was darkly draped against outside light. A huge bronze Buddha stood on a tall stand in the window embrasure, with two tall candlesticks on either side; the flames in the great candles were burning steadily and slowly.

The doctor was small, and she sat in a chair upon a little platform so that she would look down on the patient seated below her. She was dressed like a nun in a shimmering pale grey material which also folded round her head and face concealing her hair.

Her face was oval, luminously pale, and out of it shone enormous grey eyes, the pupils rimmed with black; the most lustrous, the most compelling, the most compassionate, the wisest, the most understanding eyes I have ever seen.

The face was pure and unlined, the mouth firm and large, but tender. It might have been the face of a woman of thirty-five who took good care of her skin. But the eyes were those of a sage who might be a thousand years old.

I sat in the chair below her.

"Don't speak," she said. "Let me think about you."

She looked at my eyes and went past them. I had an electric sensation as if I were physically touched.

"Olga," she said, "you are not ill in any way. It is very unlikely you ever will be. You have come from a newspaper. Isn't that so?"

I admitted that it was.

She closed her eyes as if she were listening. I looked at her hands lying relaxed on the arms of her chair.

They were long, slender and of a pearly peach-blossom whiteness. Nothing about her gave any indication of the strength which could control spirited horses, as I learned later.

She opened her eyes and smiled. That too was electrifying. London was full of famous beauties in those days, but this was the first time I had been in the presence of that overpowering beauty which coruscates from the inner fires of an awakened man or woman.

"You will have integrity," she said, "and will tell the unvarnished truth

about me, so I am going to tell you all about my treatments. I learned them in Tibet. I had the great privilege of being instructed by a guru in a place where no woman before has ever been accepted. The treatments I give are as simple as nature itself. They restore men who have departed from their nature back to it. The methods are thousands of years old. Out of this nature and simplicity the newspapers would make some unworthy sensation. Promise you will not do that?"

I promised.

"First I will tell you the method of healing by the breath. Now when a patient is in battle shock, his breath is shallow and uneven. I teach him to breathe slowly, deeply—but effortlessly, just like this. Not as the gymnasium teaches which is very tiring, but gently, calmly, so that long drinks of oxygen banish his fatigue.

"Now this is against orthodox practice for it is working on the symptoms. Try it yourself. You'll see how difficult it is to remain agitated while you breathe the slow, tranquil, unworried breath."

In two minutes I had grasped the difference between breathing deeply with effort and breathing deeply with ease—one exhausted and the other exhilarated.

"You are a good student," she said, "remember how to breathe and it will solve many of your problems. Next we have the breathing for stamina. So simple. It is nothing more than this fact—oxygen is vitality, it contains a life principle. Most people use only one third of their lungs, so they get only one third of the energy which is the birthright of the body.

"Many people die because they are too tired to breathe. The more they need it the less they can work for it. Regard it as essential as your food. Oxygen is indeed most essential to sparkling strength. Drink it. Eat it.

"Some of my feeblest patients have been restored to the vital strength of young men by nothing else than instruction in how to get their rightful supply of oxygen."

Now she gave me the little pamphlet of breathing instructions she had had printed for her patients.

"There is too much to tell you in an interview. It is merely a return to nature. Now is that sensational?"

I agreed that it was not. What was sensational was the fact that her simple routine was then considered abnormal.

"Now there is the voice. Treatment by the voice is my own idea though it does stem from my instruction in Tibet in the healing of the body by self-made vibrations. You can do anything with these—induce the warlike temper of a warrior preparing for battle or the stillness which invites extrasensory perception.

"I use it to bring the nerve-shattered, trembling patient back to normal.

"Now is it not true that emotion affects the tones of the voice? Hysteria rises to a high pitch. Fear is thin and falsetto. Only tranquility is low and pleasing, from the middle of the chest. I teach them the habit of speaking as if they were tranquil and in peaceful command of themselves. To speak self-mastery and breathe self-mastery, and not to bother their heads with their feelings. I will do that. Just speak and breathe *as if*—"

The doctor opened her lovely slim hands. "They like this treatment because it is so easy. They do it faithfully *as if*—I ask no more of them. Very soon *they are*."

Now she came down from her chair on the little platform and unrolled a slightly padded mat. She put it on the floor.

"Lie down on this on your back."

I obeyed immediately.

She sat on the floor beside me in the folded Buddha position. She arranged my arms a little away from my body with the palms turned up.

"Now deliberately relax every muscle down to your last small toe till you are like a rag doll if you are picked up. Now what do you feel?"

I felt as if the forces of gravity and the hard floor were pulling every muscle into place and untying knots everywhere. She called it "relaxism." It is a well-known elementary principle but I have never come across anything that releases the circulation of the blood and clears up so much fatigue in so few minutes.

Color therapy is standard practice now but it was revolutionary then. She took me into her little treatment room where patients were bathed in the psychological atmospheres of tinted light. Dr. Woodbridge said the color used the principles of physics as well as of psychology. "Light filtered through a color takes that color's frequency. There is a field of frequency round the body. This changes according to the health condition. The blue rate will change the body frequency to its own if the light is powerful enough and the patient is left in the rays long enough."

She answered my question before I asked it. "Yes, you can close your eyes and sleep while the lamp shines on you. A blind man can be healed of certain nervous disorders by light shining through the color *blue*."

She swung into place and switched on in turn the different colored lamps. They were large globes of colored glass of intensely vital colors. Violet, dark blue, light blue, deep yellow, pale yellow, green, orange, dull red, crimson, even a fiery shade of scarlet.

"That's a poison color," she said of the latter, "but there are uses for poisons. It can wake a man from melancholia to a state of irritation which can be the first step to returning life."

The light shed from these globes in the small white-walled room had such a lambent quality it made the air seem like colored water. The dark blue and the green gave the aspect of one's walking under the sea. The deep yellow was like tropical sunlight. The orange was like desert sunrise. The crimson felt like being caught in flames.

"Too much isn't good for you," she said, switching off the orange light. "Come back to the consulting room."

We returned to the tranquil presence of the Buddha.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"It is far from all," she answered. "If you remember and practice any of the things I have told you, you will today have taken the first step on a journey of ten thousands miles; the journey that leads to the power of self-mastery. When you can walk unmolested among wild animals and not be afraid, you will know you have attained it."



On further questioning she showed me a newspaper clipping and photograph of herself walking unscathed through a corral of unbroken horses milling around her without molesting her.

"If savage animals come near, you speak to them as if you love them," she said. "Naturally they don't understand words but the fearless compassion in your voice starts a telepathic communication. You don't need to speak at all if your inner power—which everyone has—is realized and highly developed."

The dim, unremembered servant now entered to announce the arrival of a patient.

The doctor from Tibet touched my forehead between the eyes with the tip of her finger giving me a slight electric shock.

"Walk on the Path. It is yours. You will tell the truth in your article. Let them know how simple it is to be natural and grow strong on goodness, tranquility, water, and air. I depend on you not to be sensational."

I kept my promise. But the editor was not disappointed. She had given me a photograph and he was the only one who had an inside story. He published the article as I wrote it and as she approved it.

But he wrote the title. MAYFAIR TEMPLE OF COLOR AND LIGHT.

▽ △ ▽



Of Gods and Miracles

by

Ulrich Steindorff Carrington

•

A Book of Lasting Pleasure

Time marches on—but truth, laboriously gleaned, changes slowly. Over fifty centuries ago in the land of the Nile, man gained his first insight into spiritual values—long before any of the living religions or great philosophies began, these truths were incorporated in *simple tales*.

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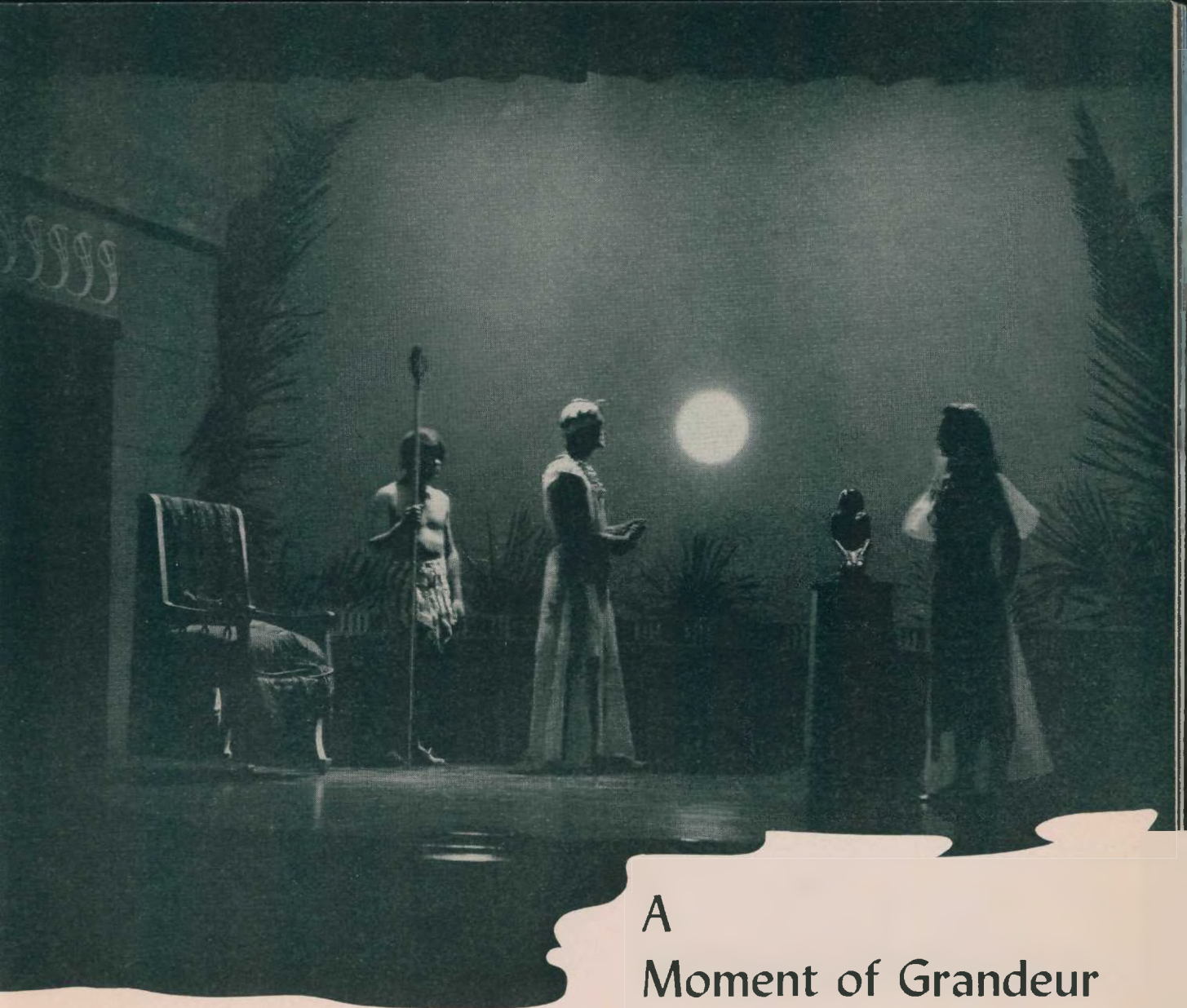
The compiler of these stories is the son of the late Dr. George Steindorff, world famous Egyptologist, and former consultant for the *Rosicrucian Museum*. Ulrich Steindorff Carrington spent his youth in Egypt surrounded by the great technical works on Egypt in the library of his famous father. In reading these tales you are as close as modern man can be to the innermost thought and sentiments of early man.

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1958*

Getting ready for aging is a lifelong process. It should begin in the nursery school.

—Dr. Roy G. Hoskins, *New York Times*



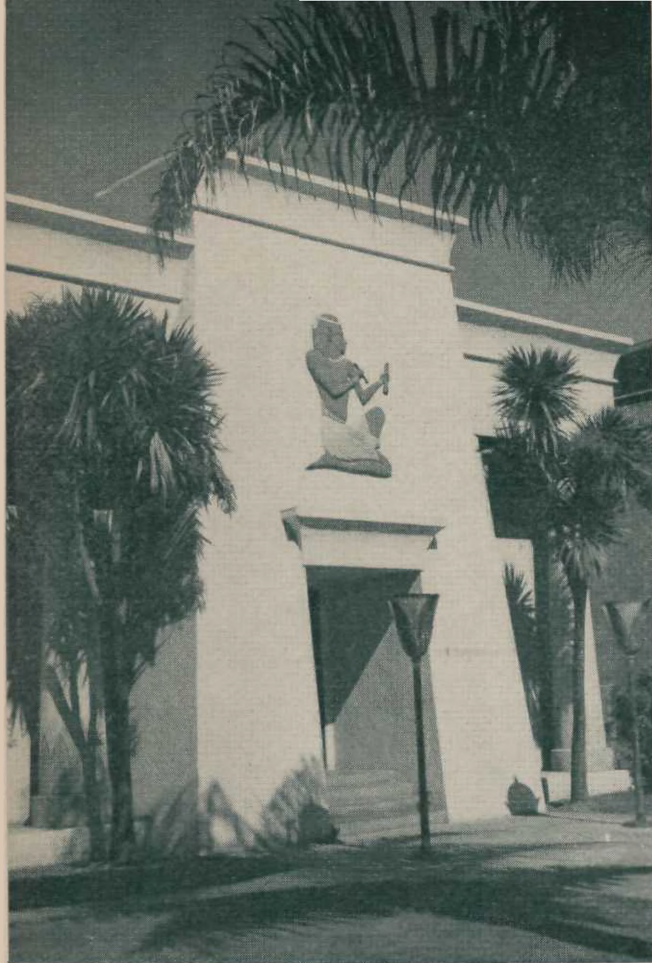
A
Moment of Grandeur
for you . . .

as you witness a stirring dramatization of a great moment in history—
just one of the countless activities being prepared for your benefit at the

1958

INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION

July 6-11



The Rosicrucian Research Library stands like a vault of learning and knowledge amidst the cultural surroundings of Rosicrucian Park. Here can be seen fascinating Rosicrucian manuscripts, books, and documents. Here Convention delegates can spend relaxing hours delving into priceless literature.

A World Transformed

In the very midst of daily chores, how often has your mind reached out? How many times has your fancy wandered to a different world—to a time and place imbued with the love of knowledge and the search for truth?

Your dream is not alone. Thousands before you, and thousands even now, have set their hearts on this goal! And from July 6-11, a thousand of these will *live* this dream. A thousand will experience the bonds of brotherhood and fraternal association. A thousand, and you, perhaps, will know a world transformed!



In the tranquil surroundings of Rosicrucian Park, one can often see conversations like these in progress. Here visiting dignitaries from Europe, Africa, and the United States discuss program arrangements at a recent Convention.





The spacious grounds of Rosicrucian Park provide an opportunity for special events at each annual Convention. On the occasion pictured above, officials of the Egyptian government visited Rosicrucian Park via helicopter. At this point in a recent Convention, great interest and activity were centered around the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum which houses the largest collection of Egyptian antiquities in Western United States.

Each Hour Is Yours

Each morning a sacred convocation awaits your presence. At its close you will find that other arrangements have been made for you—a class, a science demonstration, an interview, a tour, a period of meditation, special lectures, films, and other things to see and do. You will realize that the entire program was planned with YOU in mind.

The Supreme Temple lends an air of serenity and dignity to the ritualistic sessions conducted in its graceful chambers. The rising sun depicts the greater light of knowledge and truth proceeding from the speaker's station in the symbolic East of a Rosicrucian Temple.



The Handwriting on the Wall...

... in this year, members of AMORC will assemble a thousand strong to discuss, to deliberate, and to enjoy the most worthy pursuits of which men and women in these trying times are capable

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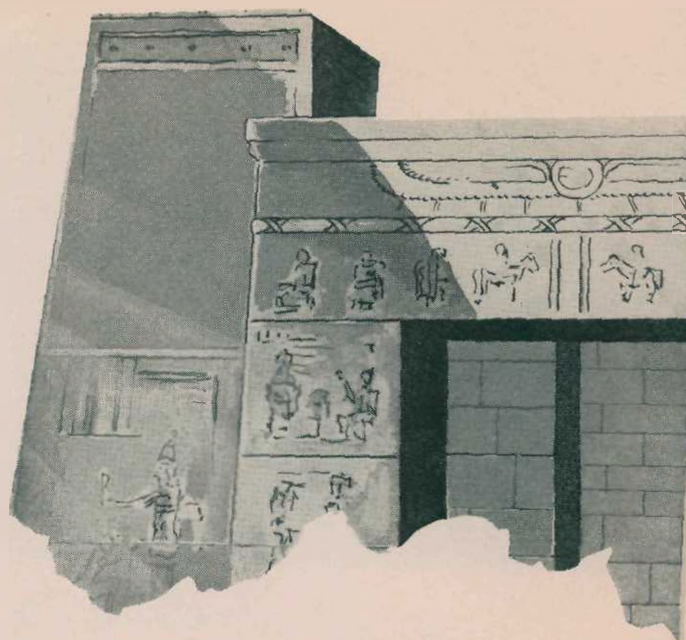
Be part of this historic event. Rosicrucian Park is in the very center of California's great scenic and recreation areas, only a few miles from the sea and from the airport of San Francisco—and situated on highways and rail routes that make travel to the Convention a memorable event. The nominal registration fee (\$7.00) covers one big week of activity—including the official banquet. Day care for children is available at extra, standard fees. For particulars regarding accommodations while here, please write to the

ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION
SECRETARY

Rosicrucian Park
San Jose, California, U. S. A.

JULY 6-11

(For Members Only)



I M P O R T A N T !

Not to be missed are these exclusive advantages of attending the 1958 Convention

- Personal interviews with the officers and staff members of AMORC, by appointment.
- A premiere of AMORC's latest motion-picture epic.
- A Forum conducted by the Supreme and Grand Lodge officers.
- Special addresses by a Rosicrucian scientist and a Rosicrucian statesman.
- Initiation into the world's oldest mysteries . . .
- A dramatic production filled with the most significant episodes of AMORC's traditional history.

P. S. We would like to have you drop us a line if you plan on coming.

Model of an artificial earth satellite on display in the Rosicrucian Science Museum. This and many other physical science exhibits will be of great interest to you. They will evince in you even greater pride in the institution behind the organization of which you are a part.

Rousseau's Response to Life

(Abridged from a longer manuscript by the author.)

By RAYMUND ANDREA, Grand Master, AMORC of Great Britain



ROUSSEAU's story of his own life, in his *Confessions*, is one of the most intimate and revealing autobiographies ever penned. This is a record of introspective and psychological response to life and circumstances which keeps the reader almost continuously occupied with the subjective workings and reactions of a mind and heart which nature had destined to live in a world of their own, totally incapable of adjustment in any normal sense to ordinary everyday existence. He is perhaps the genius above most others who must be judged by what he produced, not by what he was.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was born on June 28, 1712, in Geneva. His father was a man of unstable temperament whose alternations of conduct met with the disapproval of his neighbors. "My birth," says Rousseau, "cost my mother her life and was the first of my misfortunes." He was nursed through the years of infancy by his aunt, for whom he had a great affection.

We may gather that his introduction to a scholar's world took place at a very tender age. Every night after supper he read with his father, often into the early hours of the morning. From these years, too, he brought the memory of the songs and simple airs sung by his aunt. It was the one period of his life when he was truly happy. However, one thing for normal development was lacking: He grew up in an atmosphere of emotion and imagination with a total absence of healthy reaction to the objective world.

As a result of a quarrel with the Council, Rousseau's father broke up his home and went into voluntary banishment, across the border. The boy was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, a military engineer in Geneva. Here he fell into disgrace for some tri-

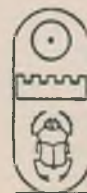
fling acts of mischief by school boys and was soundly punished, although he for his part avowed innocence. This harshness left its mark on his mind for life. Thereafter, all appeared sinister and cruel.

The time for deciding on a trade or profession for Rousseau arrived. A place was found for him in the office of the City Registrar. He quickly distinguished himself in the eyes of his employer and the clerks as a fool and blockhead and was sent home.

Rousseau's unique education was carried much further when he was next apprenticed to an engraver, a man of violent character, who contrived to "tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood and reduce my condition to a state of servitude." In brief, his master was a tyrant and turned all the good in Rousseau to evil. After several thrashings, Rousseau quitted his master without ceremony and took to the road, with high expectations of great things ahead.

In Savoy, the curé gave him a letter to a new and distinguished convert, Madame Louisa-Eleanora de Warens, who lived at Annecy. The impression she made on him was a peculiarly deep and lasting one. Madame Warens was 29, and childless, and Rousseau was 17, when this most singular attachment began. There is much to be said for Vulliamy's comment: "Rousseau had never known a mother's affection. In one who is thus deprived of a natural experience there is nearly always something which appeals at once to the motherly instinct of a woman."

She persuaded Rousseau to renounce the religion of Calvinism and recommended him to the monastery at Turin. He was robed and baptised, and fully expected that his future had been made secure. But after exhortations to be a good Christian, he was given the proceeds of a collection and turned out. For some days he gave himself up to



the pleasure of wandering, ultimately entering the service of a widow as lackey. Other employment followed; but wherever Rousseau was employed, something always happened and he took to the road again. At last destitution turned his thoughts to Madame Warens, and he made his way back to Annecy.

Madame Warens received him with the placid mien of a mother. The problem now was to find a profession for Rousseau, and it was decided to make him the curate of a small village. He was sent to the Lazarist academy for instruction in Latin and theology, but his tutor proved so distasteful to him that he could learn nothing. He had a great desire for music, and Madame Warens placed him with the choirmaster of the Cathedral for a musical education. Here, too, Rousseau continued to daydream. Moreover, his master drank heavily, and Rousseau shortly abandoned him and returned to the house of his benefactor. Much to his surprise and grief, he found Madame Warens had left for Paris on business. The days passed, and no news came of her.

Rousseau resumed his wanderings, finally reaching Lausanne, where he conceived the idea of passing off as a professor of music. In a mood of great competency, he wrote a new piece for one of the concerts. He conducted the composition himself, but he appeared so comical and the noise was so diabolical that the fiddlers nearly roared with laughter. It was a bad start for a professor of music seeking pupils.

Rousseau next accompanied a distinguished looking traveler, who called himself Father Paulus, as interpreter in his appeal for funds for the restitution of the Holy Sepulchre. Father Paulus was exposed and suddenly disappeared, while Rousseau set off by foot.

The date of his return to Savoy appears to have been 1732. How he lived and where, up to this time, is a matter of conjecture. As long as he was free to walk and sleep where he would and obtain food by some means, nothing else seemed to matter much to him. During these wanderings, Rousseau was writing his famous discourses in the blood of his heart. Small wonder it is that,

when he came to pen them, the smouldering thought broke out in an irresistible plea for social equality and individual freedom, which later became the textbook of the Revolution.

Rousseau was again received with kindness by Madame Warens, and she obtained a position for him as secretary. Confined all day in a dull office, his thoughts soon turned again to music. He continued two years in this drudgery and then obtained Madame Warens' consent to quit his employment and teach music to young ladies.

His *desire* to write appears to have awakened at this time through the reading of the memorable correspondence of Voltaire and Prince Frederick, but it did not bring Rousseau to decisive action. From music he turned to physical science, but was cured of that when an accident blinded him for several weeks. He was now 24, and not yet settled to any definite occupation. "I was burning with a love that had no object," he says. There is a world of meaning in those words. There is no period when a man is so dangerous to himself and to others; it is the key to all Rousseau's wanderings and irregularities.

The two years of 1738-40 Rousseau recalls as "the short happiness of my life." He read, dreamed, and studied nature in all her moods. But the fact of importance to us is that he was preparing the ground for his future work. He studied logic, philosophy, and Latin, the theological doctrines of the Jansenists and Jesuits, and astronomy.

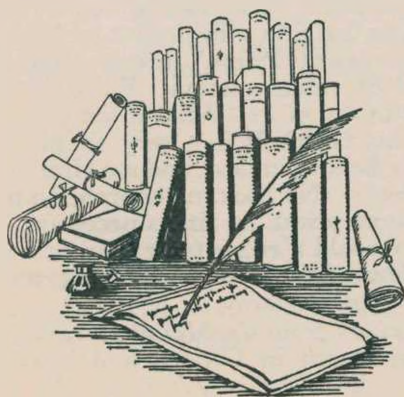
His residence with Madame Warens came to an end when she procured him an appointment as tutor at Lyon. His tutorship did not last more than a year, and in 1741, with a new system of musical notations he had devised, Rousseau set out for Paris. An opportunity was found for him to present his new system before the Academy of Sciences. The system was later condemned, and his first printed work, "A dissertation upon modern music," also proved a failure.

He secured an appointment as secretary to the French ambassador at Venice in August, 1743. The idea of social inequality was now stirring in Rousseau, and his insolence to his master

brought about a violent rupture. He was expelled without pay. In September, 1744, he was back in Paris with another appointment as secretary. Here he became acquainted with a sewing maid, Therese Levasseur, who was to be his companion through the remaining years of his vexed life—years when Rousseau, half famished and with madness gaining on him, creeping from pavement to garret to escape the eyes of the curious and the gibes of fools, thundered his political and educational pamphlets across France, and had to fly into exile to save his life.

The *New Heloise*, a novel on manners and morals, was published in 1761, but it is upon the *Social Contract* and *Emile*, his work of education, that Rousseau's reputation mainly rests. These books raised the storm against him. The heresy of *Emile* brought its condemnation by the Parliament of Paris. He received a warning letter from a friend: "In the name of God, make off! The burning of your book will do you no harm. You could not endure life in a prison." Provision was immediately made for his safe transit to Yverdon.

Among his friends there was the pastor of Motiers, whose church Rousseau regularly attended. He thought he saw an opportunity of allaying the public anger against him if he became a communicant. He was admitted to the communion and promised not to write anything more. But the dignitaries at Geneva were not readily appeased. They required from him a public recantation of his views on Christianity. No more was necessary to make Rousseau forget his promise not to write again. From this time to the end, the clouds of sor-



row and persecution settled heavily upon him.

A house was found for him at Wootton, where he passed a few months playing the harpsichord, made botanical excursions in the surrounding country, and corrected the proof of his *Dictionary of Music*. Here he also finished the first part of the *Confessions*. During this period Rousseau was unmistakably insane. Blinded by a cloud of delusions, he quarrelled bitterly with his friends.

The tragic scene draws to a close. In May 1778, twenty miles from Paris, he had a few weeks of relative happiness in a little cottage amid charming scenery. On July 2, he rose as usual at five o'clock in the morning and took a walk, returning at seven for his coffee. Feeling a faintness and later recovering, he was helped by Therese to dress for an appointment. When ready to set out, another faintness seized him. He fell forward suddenly, striking his brow on the floor. Therese raised him in her arms. Rousseau was dead. The manner of his death was symbolic: that of the brilliant genius broken on the wheel of circumstances and falling in ruins in dementia.

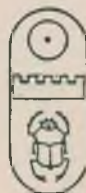
His body was buried beneath the poplars on the island. But at the revolution, in 1794, it was taken in triumph to Paris.

Part II

It is a curious fact that some of the greatest figures in world history were adjudged insane. It is interesting to note Kretschmer's view of this abnormality in the genius. "The sensitive person is extremely easily wounded by those tiny discords of life which the healthy person does not even notice. And because of his gentle and constrained nature, he is unable to disembarass himself forthwith by forceful dealings with the torturing influences. So he becomes the man of inner conflicts."

Genius suffers in silence and waits. It has a tremendous self-confidence in a personal mission; and early or late, a cause for its declaration arises, and the word of this one man shines in the firmament like a new star. It was so with Rousseau.

The period from 1744-49 is marked by Rousseau's forming many new



friendships with men and women of good standing, free thinkers and philosophers being prominent among them. In 1749, the Academy of Dijon offered a prize for the best essay on "If the restoration of Arts and Sciences has contributed to the purifying of Manners." On the road to Vincennes to visit his friend, Diderot, in prison, and scanning a news sheet as he went, Rousseau lit upon this subject for an essay. It was like a voice from the other side. He trembled from head to toe with the onrush of ideas that possessed him. He was so agitated by the sudden illumination that he sat down beneath a tree to collect himself and consider what manner of thing had happened to him. In his own words: "All that I have been able to *retain* of these crowds of great verities, which, in a quarter of an hour, illumined me beneath that tree, has been feebly enough scattered in my three principal works—that is, the first *Discourse*, that upon *Equality*, and the treatise on *Education*, which three works are inseparable, and form together a complete whole."

On reaching the prison he confided the matter to his friend, Diderot, who urged him to enter for the prize. But from that moment, he says, "I was lost." The prize-winning essay brought him, as we have seen, immediate fame. It also made him a social outcast. He had found a reason for his wretched existence and a cause to espouse.

Rousseau's *Discourse* flings a note of challenge to the civilization of his day. "So long as government and law provide for the security and well-being of men in their common life, the arts, literature and the sciences, less despotic though perhaps more powerful, fling garlands of flowers over the chains which weigh them down. They stifle in men's breasts that sense of original liberty, for which they seem to have been born, cause them to love their own slavery, and so make of them what is called a civilized people."

Such was the tone and trend of Rousseau's first broadcast which thoroughly upset the French people. Simultaneously with this triumph came the success of his opera, *Devin du Village*. He published his second *Discourse* in 1755 and it increased his reputation immeasurably. The sound and impar-

tial judgment of Morley on the two discourses was that they were "pieces that have moved the world."

When published in 1762, the *Social Contract* passed off relatively quietly; but as soon as clever heads realized what kind of doctrine they were offered in it, it was acknowledged the most important political tract of the time. A few years later it was to become the textbook of the Revolution. It is impossible to read this now without realizing acutely that it must have had a terrible influence upon the awakening sense of injustice in the minds of the masses. Had he lived to see the Revolution, no man would have been more startled than he to note how tremendously influential was the book in promoting the national upheaval which prepared the foundations of modern France.

The brilliance of these political works of Rousseau was eclipsed by *Emile, a treatise on education*. It is a lengthy and closely reasoned study which could only emanate from a master mind. It is a most singular fact that Rousseau, who had received no education, and had no contact with children, yet penned the greatest work the world had seen on education. As in his political works, Rousseau inveighed against the social order of the day because of what he had suffered personally under it; so here, in the matter of education, it was his own sufferings, restrictions and inhibitions that stirred his emotions to launch his able criticism upon the handling of a child.

Everything of Rousseau has the note of challenge of the born reformer in it. It appears in the opening sentence of *Emile*. "God makes all things good; man meddles with them and they become evil." The section in the book under the title, "Profession of faith of a Savoyard Priest," brought down a load of condemnation. Vulliamy had this to say of it: "What is the principle of this faith? It is a very simple one: Only believe in God, and see Him in the universe. No book, no church, no meddlesome priest, no rite is necessary. . . . How could a respectable man find God without the assistance of clergymen?" so wrote Vulliamy.

Letters from the Mountain raised another storm in Geneva and increased not a little Rousseau's fame. In 1764

he began to write the celebrated *Confessions* and the *Reveries*. The *Reveries* contains some beautiful writing—passages of rare descriptive power—but the shadow of madness and final despair is upon it.

Carlyle says in his inimitable style: "Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own thoughts and necessities there; driven from post to pillar; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend. It was expedient, if anyway possible, that such a man should *not*

have been set in that hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild beast in his cage; but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau."

The tremendous influence of his writings upon his time, and since, points plainly to the fact that this vessel of dishonor, in the eyes of so many, was endowed in later life with the highest mystical gifts of inspiration. Indeed, whatever biography has to say of Rousseau, occult insight acclaims him an initiate, and one with a very definite mission.



Reflections and Maxims

Censoriousness. We are apt to be very pert at censuring others, where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shews our weakness more, than to be so sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults, and so purblind about our own.

When the actions of a neighbour are upon the stage, we can have all our wits about us, are so quick and critical we can split an hair, and find out every failure and infirmity; but are without feeling, or have but very little sense, of our own.

Bound of Charity. The more merciful acts thou dost, the more mercy thou wilt receive: and if with a charitable employment of thy temporal riches, thou gainest eternal treasure, thy pur-

chase is infinite: thou wilt have found the art of multiplying indeed.

Temper. Nothing does reason more right, than the coolness of those that offer it; for truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders, than from the arguments of its opposers.

Zeal ever follows an appearance of truth, and the assured are too apt to be warm; but it is their weak side in argument; zeal being better shewn against sin, than persons, or their mistakes.

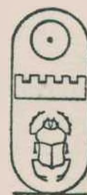
Justice. Believe nothing against another, but upon good authority: nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

—From *Fruits of Solitude*,
by William Penn, 1644-1718



The whole function of philosophy ought to be to find out what definite difference it will make to you and me, at definite instances of our life, if this world-formula or that world-formula be the true one.

—WILLIAM JAMES





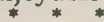
THE Light and Shadow Club of San Jose once more chose the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum as the setting for its Fourth International Salon of Photography. Over 300 prints were on exhibit, with a select few in color. The various slides in this year's show were seen for four Sunday afternoons in Francis Bacon Auditorium.



Early in March, Soror Marty Lewis, widow of the late Imperator, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, was the honored guest speaker in the Supreme Temple. Later in the month she visited Southern California, speaking to some four lodges and chapters in the area.



Last year, Frater Ricardo Pigati of the social committee of Logia AMORC of Lima, Peru, planned a memorable excursion and picnic for lodge members to the ruins of Puruchuco. He also invited Dr. Arturo Jimenez Borja along to talk on the character of the Aymara Indians who anciently inhabited the spot and established a culture of which today's ruins testify. The occasion was in every way enjoyable and instructive.

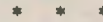


In January, final formalities were completed for the establishment of a Rosicrucian Chapter in Puerto Cabello, Carabobo, Venezuela. The present chapter master is Señora Rosa Centeno de Torbet and the secretary is Señor Oscar Freitas. Further information as to place and time of meetings may be had by addressing the secretary—Apartado Postal #172.



According to an item in the February

issue of *Venezuela Up-to-Date*—a monthly publication of the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington, D. C.—*Coral Creole* gave a concert of Christmas carols in the national library under the auspices of the Cultural and Fine Arts Division of the Ministry of Education. Founded in 1952 by the employees of Creole Petroleum Corporation, this musical group has attained wide popularity. Frater José Antonio Calcaño is the distinguished director.



John Dalton Chapter in Manchester, England, reports that a most realistic rose now adorns the cross in the East of its temple. Of deep red, the petals are of translucent material and may be lighted, giving the rose a vibrant glow. The work is not that of a "gremlin" but of a modest "boffin," according to the chapter bulletin. Every lodge has one, it seems, for by definition the word means a backroom boy who serves in all kinds of helpful and unpublicized ways.



Many Rosicrucians in the Great Lakes area of North America have had the opportunity of seeing the Grace Ghent Dean Collection of Crosses. Many have also had the equally rewarding experience of hearing Soror Dean tell the individual stories of many items in her collection—and every cross carries its own story. A recent one came as a wholehearted gesture of a frater who saw the collection at the Toronto Rally last year. He offered his own cross—a war medal—to her, and the amount of its appraised value was deposited by Soror Dean in the Temple Building Fund.



And that calls to mind another bit of Toronto news worthy of widespread publication: Talents Service Club, Inc.

Some six years old, this group of housewives, business and professional women, devotes itself to helping those passed over by public and private charitable agencies.

The members work anonymously and employ their individual talents in ingenious ways to gain funds for their good purposes. One project was the publication of *Talents in the Kitchen*, being an exciting and surprising compilation of Favorite Foods of the Nations.

Said one reviewer: "*Talents in the Kitchen* is as entertaining as a novel, is spiced with gems of poetry and controversial tidbits from wits and sages and is sprinkled with lively and appropriate illustrations." And this department on its own can say, whether it's a recipe for pickled watermelon rind, Lancashire Hot Pot, Warsaw Concerto, Bombes Sans Danger, or Toad-in-the-hole, you'll find it here. It's the book for the epicure as well as for the ordinary layman with a healthy appetite. Anyone interested in the possibility of obtaining a copy, which was offered at \$1.50, may write to Talents Service Club, Inc., Box 218, Toronto 1, Canada.

* * *

Before we leave Toronto, the Lodge's Christmas play must be mentioned: *The Mystical Birth of Jesus* was written by Frater Frank Sutherland as a nativity play and was a dramatic adaptation of portions of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis' book, *The Mystical Life of Jesus*. Sponsored by Morc Club, the play, which had a large cast of lodge members, was so enthusiastically received that its continued presentation at the Christmas season is contemplated.

* * *

A recent issue of the bulletin of the Ottawa Pronaos contained a bit on "Printing and Education" by Frater H. A. Crain, who was for many years a publisher.

* * *

Members of Vancouver Lodge, AMORC, enjoyed a demonstration in sound and color in February when

Frater Fred Parker from Michael Maier Lodge in Seattle, Washington, visited there. He brought with him his self-designed and constructed electronic assembly, and presented a tape recording of the Emperor, Frater Ralph M. Lewis' discourse on Stradivarius violins. The tape included music played on a Stradivarius by Frater James C. French, Curator of the Egyptian, Oriental Museum. The musical tones produced their related colors on a screen in effective combinations and contrasts. An appreciative audience attended the demonstration.

▽ △ ▽

Frater Norman Spencer of New Zealand had some thoughts recently that will strike a responsive chord in others—thoughts about the Cosmic's being alive. He writes:

"Can you hear the wind? Listen carefully and you will. Listen to the tree; the brook. The hills and mountains have their own special kind of speech; they don't jabber like birds or people.

"The world is full of living things. Countless millions of spirit life forms are behind us on the path of evolution. They are as important to the Father as we. With Him the bonds of love flow from life to life and form to form.

"Come near the living things and be their friend. Be quiet and listen; stand close beside them. Breathe so that your soul is one with them. Send forth your love and touch them caressingly. They will reach unto you; you will feel their needs; you will minister unto them.

"The cosmos is alive—full of surprising things—ever new. There are many things to see which we do not see and many things to hear which we do not hear. If you listen and really try, *perhaps you will.*"

Does anyone remember how much these things meant to Ella Young? She and Frater Spencer would understand each other perfectly. We are reminded of her book of many years ago, *Flowering of the Dusk*.

▽ △ ▽

Good is the content of whatever men call *happiness*.

—VALIDIVAR



The Changing Face of Humor

By MARIAN E. NIGL, F.R.C.



OUR word *humor*, and its physical expression in laughter, can be traced toward its beginning in the twilight of mankind's existence. The most plausible of many theories is the one which traces humor and laughter to a primitive exultation over a foe.

With the advent of languages, humor took an upward trend, both historic and analytical. At the dawn of medical science, Hippocrates, in 400 B.C., recognized four chief currents, or 'humours,' in the body. If the flow of each (phlegm, blood, choler, and black bile) was normal, a man was said to be in good 'humour.' So, at this early date in history, we find that the word *humour* is used as a medical term, meaning 'wetness' and having the same source as 'humidity.'

During the Middle Ages, when there was very little advance in medical knowledge, the word was used to signify vaguely the caprice or whim occasioned by one's condition. Evidently the meaning was given to it by those students of metaphysics who, having developed their mental capacity, coined the new meaning—for, with the severe restrictions on medical research, these same students became well-versed in the study of alchemy. Shakespeare, who uses the word in several instances in his plays, has Shylock say, in regard to preferring a pound of flesh to three thousand ducats, "Say 'it' is my humour." From then on it evolved into its present meaning.

There are two definite meanings to the word: first, something within ourselves, an individual characteristic; and second, objectively, as in speaking of a play or a movie, or just an ordinary incident of everyday life as being full of humor. Kindliness is essential, for there must be not only perception of the peculiarities, the contrasts, and the shortcomings which lend to any character or circumstance an inharmonious

aspect, but there must be a tolerance or acceptance of them. If indignation is aroused, the humorous conception is lost, or exchanged for 'sarcasm,' which leads to the opposite of humor, or pathos.

Laughter, the physiological expression induced by humor, according to Thomas Hobbes, "is nothing else but sudden glory arising from sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves, by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly." Kant says "the cause of laughter lies in the sudden transformation of a tense expectation into nothing."

'Wit' is often spoken of as humor, but wrongly, because it is a narrower term included within humor, and means humor expressed in an unexpected play on words. For analogy, wit, as it passes toward anger and cruelty, becomes satire, and laughter is exchanged for a sardonic grin. Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, states that "the ludicrous is a subdivision of the ugly resting on some defect or ugliness which is not painful or destructive."

We have within us a sense which sets up a kindly contemplation of the incongruities of life, and the expression of that sense is an art. In these instances, great power of literary expression is needed. The lower range in the scale can be best understood and illustrated by the pun. The etymology of this word is uncertain. A pun is a form of words by which two contrasted meanings of the same sound are brought into contradiction. The basis of the humor is the defeat of language itself, a sort of exultation over the downfall of the false solemnity of words. From such humor come the incongruities of words themselves, evolving to the elements of contrasts and incongruities in ideas, and, higher still, to situation and character.

So, in the course of evolution, the shout of the savage has become the quiet chuckle of the humorist.

The Buddhist Law of Kamma

By EGERTON G. BAPTIST



AMMA is a *Pali* word for "action." Good actions are also *Kamma*. "Sin" is bad "action," and therefore bad *Kamma*. Now, every action consciously performed tends to bring about certain results.

These results are not *Kamma*: they are called *Kamma-vipaka*, or the *resultants* of *Kamma*. But, in common usage, when some one suffers or enjoys himself, we say, it is his *Kamma*. It is not quite a correct way of saying it, but, all the same, all we mean to convey, thereby, is that some past action of his, some past *Kamma*, is now bearing fruit. *Kamma*, therefore, one must remember, is what we do: what we reap is *Kamma-vipaka*—the *resultants* of *Kamma*.

... If I trample someone's foot accidentally, it is not *Kamma*, because there was no intention or effort, knowledge or reason for my doing so—the trampling had been done "unconsciously." Accordingly, there is no resultant or *vipaka*. Had it been otherwise, even walking on the roads would be impossible, for surely we would kill many ants and insects in the process—unconsciously! Indeed, no man would escape the gallows, whatever the mitigating features of his crime! Our criminal laws, therefore, recognize that no responsibility can attach to an act where one or the other of these dominant factors is absent. This important point distinguishes Buddhism from other systems of religion, like Jainism and Hinduism for instance, which, while also teaching *Kamma*, insist that every act, whether consciously or unconsciously done, is *Kamma*...

Every situation confronting us from time to time, therefore, is not the result of *Kamma*. Buddhists speak in terms of Cause and Effect. For example, a person gets wet in the rain deliberately, and becomes sick. His illness is due to his getting wet: Cause and Effect. But

can we say that the illness is the result of a previous *Kamma*? No. We cannot say that. Only a Buddha can say what particular cause is operating in a given instance. So, we procure medicine for him. If he dies despite the best physician's assistance, only then do we say it is his *Kamma*. Take another example, a person deliberately places his neck on the railway line, is run over and killed. Would you say it is *Kamma*? No. Other causes may have conspired to make him die like that: there may not have been direct *Kamma-vipaka*...

Anyway, what is the power behind our actions? What is the force that tends to bring about results? The driving force of *Kamma* is Craving—*Tanha*. Craving gives *impetus* to our actions: Craving puts strength, puts energy into action. Craving literally puts us on the Map. For, the energy generated by the act of Craving is tremendous in its effects—and, tends to bring about whatever we desire. This principle, by the way, is the one underlying New Thought, Christian Science, and similar movements, all of which tell us that whatever we desire strongly and definitely enough, we shall obtain, be it health, wealth or power. It is natural law.

The disadvantage, however, is that whatever we acquire, we must also lose again someday, as soon as the force behind the acquisition, the force of the original craving, has spent itself. It is then that we suffer doubly, for it is harder to miss what we have become accustomed to, than not to get what we expect. Craving, therefore, whether human or divine, is the result of Ignorance (*Avijja*).

The cravings of our previous existences also form *Kamma*, and predispose us to our present cravings. If they have been specific along certain lines, the results will be specific, as far as the new circumstances will allow. And in childhood we would show aptitude to build with nursery blocks; in youth we would



desire to erect tents and shelters, or study architecture; and, in manhood, we would become contractors, architects and perhaps engineers, provided, of course, environmental factors were favourable, and our parents wisely directed our energies into proper channels instead of trying to make civil servants or doctors of those who might do better as builders, architects, and engineers.

There is also an intermingling accumulation of energies from previous cravings: some that are strong, some weaker, some more definite, some less so. All these tend to come to the surface sooner or later, as opportunities present themselves, and as they are evoked by circumstances. This explains why human life is so varied, and in many respects so contradictory.

Hundreds of cravings have also given us an accumulation of Energy, and we are capable of hundreds of different kinds of actions. That is why we hear people saying, more in contempt than with understanding, "Oh, he is a jack of all trades, but a master of none." A true saying, indeed, notwithstanding the lack of understanding. The more dominant cravings, however, find vent in the most distinct of our activities, and a few child-prodigies also arise among us—perhaps as musicians and mathematicians—manifesting a particular dominant craving that had been cultivated at some time antedating birth.

From this we could readily gather that whatever happens to us, is coming to us, is deserved. Good, bad or indifferent—it has been our own making. No one else is to blame—certainly no God and no Devil. We should, therefore, accept whatever comes of evil with resignation; whatever of good, without elation.

"Every living being has *Kamma* as its own, its inheritance, its cause, its kinsman, its refuge," said the Buddha to young Subha, who enquired what differentiates living beings into low and high states.

"For, he who kills and is cruel goes either to hell, or if reborn as man, will be shortlived. He who torments others will be afflicted with disease. The angry one will look ugly, the envious one will be without influence, the stingy one will be poor, the stubborn one will be

of low descent, the indolent one will be without knowledge. In the contrary case, man will be reborn in heaven; or reborn as man, he will be longlived, possessed of beauty, influence, noble descent and knowledge."

... Queen Mallika, the Chief Consort of King Pasenadi of Kosala, said: "I was irascible and violent in a former existence, spiteful and angry; therefore, I am ugly now. But I gave alms to monks and Brahmins: I gave food, drink, carriages, scents, and ointments, bedding and dwelling-homes; therefore, I am rich now, wealthy and affluent. In a former existence I did not envy the gains, the honour, the respect and homage others received; therefore, now I am high in the social scale."

Thus whatever pain or happiness we experience is the inevitable consequent of a past act. There are no rewards and no punishments. If one got out of bed in his sleep, walked over the edge of a verandah and fell to the road below, he would perhaps break an arm or leg or suffer something worse. This would not be a punishment for sleep-walking, but merely its result. Not being able to remember the sleep-walking would not make the slightest difference to the result in broken bones. Accordingly, the more ignorant one is, the greater is the price exacted in broken bones and suffering. Bhikkhus, priests, bishops, popes and kings—all must pay the price. For, the Law of *Kamma* operates democratically, and is no respecter of persons. There are no exceptions to the Rule: No favourites in heaven! . . .

The confused idea of pre-Destination, in the sense that we must always act in accord with certain predetermined conditions, arises only because Western thinkers bring in the erroneous idea of a permanent ego or "soul," and count *equally*, both the *passive* side and the *active* side, as acts of mind. Buddhists distinguish *Javana* to be the determining, free, causal act, while the *rest* only are predetermined. *Javana* is the effective act, or stage of mind, by which our character or *Kamma* is continually modified ethically. Had it been otherwise, there would be, as the Buddha said, no possibility of leading a holy life, for we would always act in the manner our *Kamma* had pre-ordained us to act. . . .

A powerful swindler, criminal or murderer may sometimes get away with his crime—at least, so it seems—while those whom we call *god-fearing* may become bogged down by misfortune at every stride! How would we explain the apparent contradiction? Briefly, the powerful swindler or criminal has a large fund of former good *Kamma* to back him—the fruits of his former good works, which he is now foolishly draining away. Sooner or later his stock runs out—he becomes *broke*—he is on the streets, if not now in this lifetime itself, perhaps, then, in the very next, or in some future birth.

Similarly, the pious folk, if they are actually suffering today, might well have been the scoundrels of yesterday: they have no good *Kamma* in stock, and their present piety is unable to bring them good fortune today. For, in their own good times, they were not generous, had not clothed the naked, not fed the hungry, not visited the sick, nor comforted the mourning and those in prison. And they have no resources of their own to draw upon today. . . .

The inequalities and seeming injustices of life thus become intelligible in the light of the law of Cause and Effect. That is also how we can “get reason out of the mass of incongruity we call human life.” Buddhism does not deal with one lifetime only. And nothing is final until Nibbana is attained.

But what causes the arising of *Kamma*? “Greed, O Monks, is a condition for the arising of *Kamma*, Hatred is a

condition for the arising of *Kamma*, Delusion is a condition for the arising of *Kamma*,” says the Buddha.

One final question—When did *Kamma* begin? To understand this, we must examine our own world-system of today. We then find that like millions of its predecessors, this world-system too has had its beginning, and will one day have its ending. As some folk say, it will be the end of the world. What happens to us then? What happens to the animals and the fish, the ghosts and devils? Do these disappear too? No. Briefly, all their energies transmute into other forms—forms that can survive the newer and newer conditions that arise when worlds quake and begin to tumble down. In the end, through such transmutation, only gods remain. This is possible because we have ourselves been gods before, though, of course, we are now covered with the dust and dirt of the ages!

The instinct of self-preservation works through the law that conserves Energy, our latent propensities come to the surface—just in the nick of time; and once more we become gods! Nothing is destroyed—as, indeed, nothing can be. Those who cannot survive thus are reborn in other world-systems—*Sakvalas*.

How true this is, we ourselves can see, for even in our own time, do we not meet sometimes the slippery eel, and those with animal traits though garbed in human form? The “angels” too are in our midst. The cunning jackal has also crossed our path sometimes: we have also met the lazy bull. Do we realize too that the shoplifter, or Kleptomaniac, did no more than exhibit subconsciously the old pranks practised when formerly he was a Crow? (For crows are prone by habit to pick things from one place and deposit them in another for no real reason!) All these we have ourselves been!

For, “there is *Kamma* (action) that ripens in hell . . . *kamma* that ripens in the animal world of men . . . and *Kamma* that ripens in heavenly worlds,” says Buddha.

However, as ages pass by, the moisture clears, and “Earth with its savour is spread out in the waters, even as a scum forms on the surface of boiled



milk rice." Thus, does dry land appear once again. A New Heaven: A New Earth! . . .

"I recalled my varied lot in former existence," says the Buddha. "First one life, then two, then three, four, five, twenty, fifty, a hundred, a hundred thousand, the dissolution and evolution of many world-cycles. In one place I was of such a name, such a family . . . such was my life's end. Vanishing from there I came into existence elsewhere. Such then was my name, my family, and so on. Thus I recalled the many births in my former existences," said the All-Enlightened One.

Like that the beginningless fabric of our lives too, with its ever-changing pattern, stretches back, back into interminable vistas of past time. And some of us are placed high; others low; some born blind, deaf or dumb. One is healthy now, the next moment he becomes a cripple. These things happen to animals too, for even bulls are born, some in maharajas' farms—to eat, drink and sleep, while others of their kind are beaten and made to carry heavy loads.

Some dogs too are fed, bathed, and go for drives in a kind master's car, while others sniff at a garbage bin! Would one now say it is the will of God? Would one say it is blind chance—that even animals should suffer so, while others repose peacefully under the shade of an old banyan tree?

No, for some the good deed, the loving thought and act bears rich harvest life after life; for others it is the sad gathering of ill-weeds, the harvest of ancient wrongs. That is the explanation, says the Buddha.

But a first beginning of beings, who wander and fare on, as one will also now see, is not perceived. Processes alone roll on.

Be not deceived, therefore. Every man must bear his own burden.

"For, owners of their *kamma* are the beings, they are heirs of their *kamma*; their *kamma* is the womb from which they are born. Their *Kamma* is their friend, their *Kamma* is their refuge," says the Buddha (M. 135).

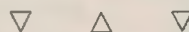
(From a Broadcast Talk over the National Service of Radio Ceylon —The Maha Bodhi, March 1957)



Brain Hunger

RIGHT foods can keep children from becoming alcoholics, according to Dr. Roger J. Williams, director of the Biochemical Institute of the University of Texas. There is evidence that portions of the brain indicating malnutrition may have deranged metabolism. This condition then brings on abnormal cravings.

Through laboratory research it has been demonstrated beyond question that brain function depends on nutrition. Well-nourished animals will drink little or no alcohol; poorly nourished animals always drink alcohol at a high level. When the missing element in the diet is supplied, the drinking habit will cease, Dr. Williams has announced.



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I have long held an opinion almost amounting to a conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are manifest, have one common origin; in other words, are so directly related and so mutually dependent that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action.

—MICHAEL FARADAY, 1791-1867

Separating Fact from Fancy

By RALPH M. LEWIS, F. R. C.

(Author of the new book, *The Conscious Interlude*)



FROM our youth onward, we are admonished by parents, teachers, and well-meaning friends to distinguish between fact and fancy. These are made to appear as two widely different worlds. The one, the world of fact, is said to be highly advantageous to us. Conversely, the other, the world of fancy, is represented as deceiving and unreliable. What we learn about fact and fancy concerns mostly their presumed effects upon our lives. Unfortunately, those who counsel us do little defining of either fact or fancy.

Some of us, of our own initiative, have made casual inquiries. We have probably been informed that facts are of an existential world—concrete things or tangible entities. A fact is made to have as much substance as have our own beings. All facts, of course, are not objects; they all do not have such properties as weight and dimension. However, we are led to believe that they have as much existence as the world which we perceive with our senses. Consequently, facts can obstruct us at times. Then, again, they may have a value that can propel us forward. Facts can also submerge our personal lives with the force inherent in them. They, therefore, appear to have sufficient substance for us to assimilate them into our bodies or our minds. Such inclusions can and often do alter our beings. The alteration, if not in appearance, is at least one of attitude and of behavior.

In contrast to this common opinion of fact, *fancy* is thought to be an imaginative state. It is said to be a world of ideas without reference to any external counterpart. Fancy generally has no concern as to whether there is a reality which actually corresponds to the mental picture. In fancy, the mind combines ideas at its pleasure, without the

obligation or the necessity of verification. Therefore, fancy is not immediately related to the external world. It is, consequently, held to be devoid of any utilitarian or practical value. Since fancy is said to be without the substance of fact, it cannot, then, be used for or against anything which has reality or is presumed to have such. Not being concrete, fancy is thought incapable of altering our own substance—that is, what we would call our objective factual natures. The pursuit of fancy, we are told, is futile, like striking at the wind.

Since facts are said to be important to our lives, we most certainly ought to know more about them. Let us start with the common presumption that all facts are real. It is said to be a fact that you are seated at this time. It is another undenied fact that you are reading. If these are facts, then what makes these experiences real to you, since facts are said to be real?

Perhaps the first and ready answer to such a question is that we perceive these things. Perception is the acquisition of ideas by the aid of our receptor senses, that is, such faculties as hearing, seeing and feeling. However, these sense faculties do not convey ideas to us. Rather, they give us the substance by which the mind comes to form ideas. They register vibrations as the light waves which fall upon the retina of the eye; from them, in turn, there arise in the brain certain visual qualities or sensations. These are, for example, color, extension, space, and substance. Other impulses actuate the other sense organs. Each of these senses causes us to have ideas of apparent archetypes outside our beings, that is, they suggest that there is something outside of us that corresponds to the idea which we have of it. We say that our perceptions are real. The reason for this is that, from all appearances, these ex-



periences have as much existence as we have to ourselves.

These arguments, though common, are not sufficient. They do not establish that facts are real. How do we know that we are not dreaming at this very moment? We all know that in dreams there also is what appears as facts. At least there are things in our dreams that seem to have as much reality as we ourselves. It will not suffice to state that we can now recall former dreams; therefore, at this time, we must be awake. The dreams that we recall, as we say, may have been a *waking* state. All of the present time may then be but a vivid dream.

Some persons may further state that at the moment they can see objects in the room where they are seated; they can even look up from this reading and talk to someone else present or touch that person. But this lends the present experience no distinction from any dreams they have had, for in dreams they could do likewise. Can we be certain, then, that facts are what we call *real*? Is a fact just that which has a perceptual appearance that seems, for example, to be heard, seen, or tasted?

There is a considerable degree of presumption associated with our notions of reality. Science has made it evident that our image of reality, the picture we have of what seems to be real and what we think of as a factual experience, is not as it appears. Almost every schoolboy knows that colors, for example, are not inherent in objects. The red object is not red, the blue object is not blue. No object has color. The mass of the object filters out certain light waves of the light that falls upon it. An object allows a particular wave band or combination of wave bands to reach our eyes by which we have the sensations of color associated with it. The sounds we hear, for further analogy, are but vibratory disturbances of the air. It is a truism that, where there is no ear to hear, there is no sensation of sound. The presumed reality of each of our senses can be shown to have no exactly corresponding external existence.

For all this, we cannot deny reality if, by it, we mean absolute being—that is, that something is. For all of our logical nihilism, there still persists the idea

of reality. The very idea which denies all is *itself*. Descartes cites this principle in his famous words: “Cogito, ergo sum.” (I think, therefore I am.) We can deny all, yet what denies continues to be. Consequently, we must assume that there is *being* of some kind. We cannot be certain that this ultimate being, at the bottom of all, is vibratory as we often assert. We do, of course, detect the *manifestation* of this ultimate being as having a vibratory nature. However, this is but the organic way in which we, as human beings, react to the absolute of which we are a part. The primary basis of our faculties of perception is the detection of vibrations and the translation of them into other vibrations or sensations.

We know that the images we perceive have no corresponding actual objects. It may be, too, that vibrations are but an intermediary state between something and our ideas. In other words, beyond this underlying energy, the vibratory energy, there might possibly be a primary state that is quite imperceptible to us. We have no faculty capable of perception without the aid of vibrations. At present we are, therefore, but assuming that vibratory energy is pure being, absolute reality.

We must infer from these conclusions that the phenomenal world, the one of our senses, is principally a construct of our own consciousness. Reality, as we conceive it, is related to our faculties. To a great extent, we make the world which we experience. Philosophy expounded this idea long before the demonstrations of modern science. Protagoras, ancient Sophist, said: “Man is the measure of all things.” Locke, Berkeley, and Kant also expounded this relativism. Kant took the position that a thing is real or objective only to the extent that it is known. Only as we have ideas about things do they become real. Otherwise, existence is formless; that is, it is without identity.

We frequently refer to the repetition of experience as proof of what we perceive as fact. The repetition of the experience seems to lend it reality. Time and time again we experience identical sensations. We hear, see, feel, or taste the same thing. We believe that this is confirmation that the object

exists as the cause of the experiences we have.

For centuries, men gazed at a distant horizon over the sea. To all appearances, as they looked out across the sea, the horizon was a perfectly straight line. It seemed an edge with clouds dropping down behind it. To go beyond the horizon would be to fall from the earth. All men saw the same phenomenon each time they looked out across the sea. They knew no reason to doubt their vision—yet the images they had were not factual.

Men who travelled desert wastes saw what to them appeared as towns or water rising from the parched sands. However, when they journeyed on, they too found that their experiences were not factual. All such experiences were relative to their faculties of perception.

Berkeley, the 17th century philosopher, posed a tantalizing question on the nature of reality. He said: "I say the table I write on exists, that is, I say that I see and feel it and, if I were out of my study, I should say it existed, meaning thereby that, if I were in my study, I might perceive it." Berkeley implied that actually the table was not in his study until he, as a thinking being, went in to it and perceived it. It was his contention that the *essence* of inanimate things is the perception of them. It is the mind and consciousness that gives things their nature through the aid of the senses.

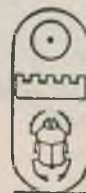


We are also inclined to accept the mass confirmation by people of an experience as evidence of its reality. We readily admit that an individual could be repeatedly deceived. On the other hand, if many persons have the same experience, we are inclined to think that it is true. This reasoning, though common, nevertheless is a fallacy. Since human beings are fundamentally alike, it is psychologically easy to prove that certain reactions will be the same. But such similar reactions do not make the experience real or true. A blindfolded person caused to touch dry ice, and not knowing what he is touching, would say that it felt hot and even seemed to burn him slightly. Most persons who would touch it under the same conditions, without seeing it, would express the same opinion.

The very low temperature of the dry ice creates the sensation of heat instead of cold and yet actually it is not radiating heat. Certainly such a confirmation by a number of persons does not make their opinion a fact. A mass confirmation of an experience is but the similarity of interpretation. If other interpretations occur at a later time, then the factual nature of the mass experience is discredited.

Enlarged experience added to our knowledge can and does alter the mass interpretation of perception. Education is continually altering what once appeared as fact to the majority of people. Galileo, the astronomer, centuries ago, demonstrated that objects fall at the same speed regardless of their weight, if they are not impeded by air. Before then, men were certain that heavier objects would always fall faster than a light one under all conditions. In fact, in their daily experience their observation seemed to indicate this. A stone would fall faster than a feather. But in a vacuum or a semi-vacuum, as Galileo demonstrated, such experience proved to be wrong. All so-called facts at their bottom are *illusory*; that is, actually nothing external corresponds to our experience of what appears to be objective. William James, psychologist, said: "The facts themselves meanwhile are not true. They simply are."

We cannot annihilate everything with reason. But after all, we are something and we do not stand alone in the



universe. We are not the only reality. The experience of fact or what seems reality persists, regardless of how illusionary it may be basically. Consequently, it is necessary, if we are to live in this world, to have some criterion, some standard, for the acceptance of, and reliance upon, the experiences we have. If we do accept an experience as fact, it must be because its element has the appearance of existence. It must not be something that is confined to just our own thought processes. By that we mean that it must give the appearance of being *independent* of our own thought and not be merely a question of how impressive an idea or concept may be. Also, its origin must appear to be in the world outside, if we are to think of it as being factual.

A fact, to be accepted as such, must have what we shall call a social existence. It must be capable of being perceived and comprehended by the average intelligence of the society of which we are a part. An experience is a fact if it is possible for other persons of our society to come to discern it and understand it as we do. At least they must be capable of seeing it in the same manner.

We do not want to appear to contradict ourselves. We have said that a mass interpretation of an experience, that is, many persons experiencing something alike, does not make of it a reality. Millions of persons have often wrongly interpreted the nature of an experience. *A fact*, however, must at least be capable of being commonly perceived by others, even if, subsequently, their conception of it is changed.

The test, then, for fact as an experience or as a reality is its pragmatic value. Can it serve others as well as ourselves? Does it have a nature which at least others can perceive and from which they can derive some com-

prehension? Can the experience be reduced to the same fundamental qualities for another as for ourself? Succinctly, does the experience have for others, as well as for us, the same qualities of the senses as for example *color* and *form*?

An essential part of this pragmatic test of fact is its *immediacy*. A fact cannot be just a personal recollection. It cannot be merely something of the past. Neither can a fact be a logical probability to manifest at some future moment. If the experience is confined to the past, it has no externality by which it can be perceived by others now. Regardless of how many persons may have previously experienced a reality objectively, it is not factual at present. It must be capable of immediate experience by those in whose memory it does not exist.

We all have faith in what we once perceived and then established as being factual. Our faith arose out of our immediate perception of some reality at that time. To others, not having had the same experience, to accept it now would be but blind faith. The fact, as said, must have sufficient independence of us, must have such apparent reality, as to receive social acceptance by others. It must be capable of immediate realization by others of our society at least.

We refer to society because we must be able to communicate to other persons what we want them to perceive if they are to have an experience similar to our own. Those things must have existence to their senses also. Simply put, to a great extent there has to be a meeting of minds to make facts acceptable to all of us. We must be able to call the attention of others to what we perceive. Otherwise, we cannot be certain that the experience meets the requirements of the fact to ourselves.

(To be continued)

ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

A complete directory of all chartered Rosicrucian Lodges, Chapters, and Pronaoi throughout the world appears in this publication quarterly. See *January, April, July,* and *October* issues for complete listings.



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*The
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May
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FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

Above, the majestic portal to the courtyard of the famed Blue Mosque (Sultan Ahmed) in Istanbul, Turkey, provides a contrast to the sunlit towering shrine within. There is something psychologically impressive and symbolic in one's passage from the heavy darkness of the outer entrance into the inviting light within.

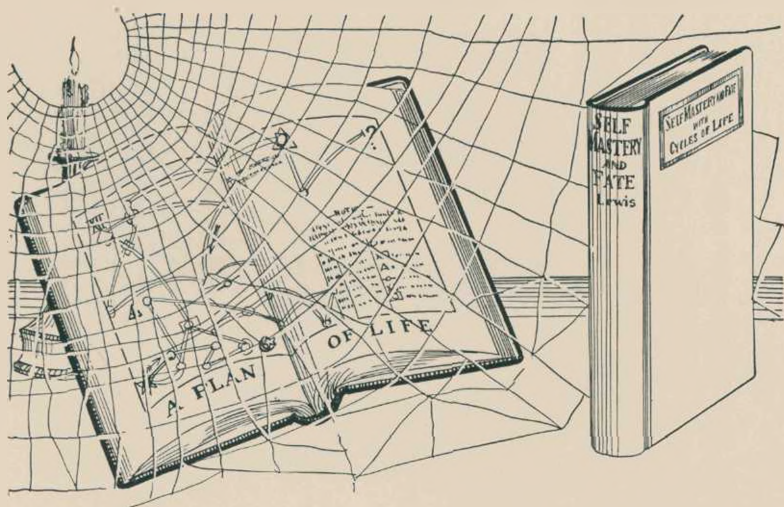
(Photo by AMORC)



ANCIENT HITTITE CAPITAL

For nearly four thousand years these two stone lions have flanked an entrance to the palace of the Hittite kings. The centuries-old edifice is on the site of Khatti, once capital of the vast Hittite Empire. It is located in what is now Asiatic Turkey, in a vast wild terrain northeast of Ankara. Ralph M. Lewis, Imperator of AMORC, is shown pointing to the huge carving.

(Photo by AMORC)



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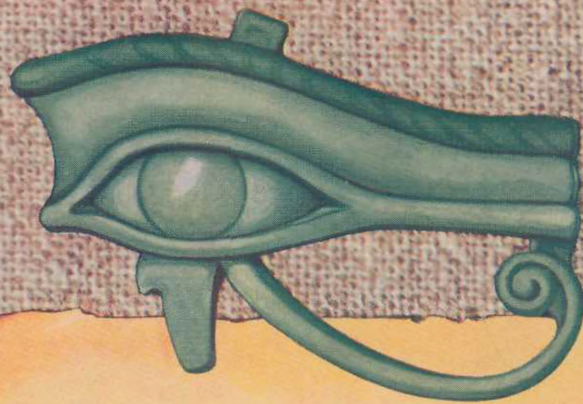
DO YOU KNOW the latest discoveries of the effects of music on the physical body? . . . on the emotions? on the human mind? Does music have a practical use? Can it be employed as a tonic, a conditioner, or a savory medicine? How can it be directed to your psychic centers to strengthen and develop them? Can you psychoanalyze yourself with it? Will music relieve nervous tension and improve the mind? Can it remove the causes of disease and prevent physical and mental ailments?

What is *your* kind of music? Have you ever felt a certain negative, emotional reaction to a musical rendition, while all others around you seemed entertained or indifferent? If so, would you like to know why you reacted *differently*? Learn how hidden instincts are called forth by music. Find out how you can harness sound to *benefit* yourself and others. Within each of us there are repressed desires, drives, urges, and emotions which are in conflict with our outer personalities. The universal language—music—has at last yielded its secrets for controlling, sublimating, or releasing these negative factors. The simple principles can be easily applied in the privacy of your home.

Accept This Discourse

"Music Therapy," a discourse that tells you *just how* to apply music to your problems, will be sent FREE with your subscription (or renewal) to the *Rosicrucian Digest* for one year at the usual rate of \$3.00 (£1/2/- sterling). The useful information contained in the discourse alone is worth many times this amount. Send your remittance, requesting your copy of "Music Therapy," TODAY to the address given below.

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